The Outlook

FEBRUARY 2, 1921

THE LONGEST BILL ON RECORD

A PORTLY volume of 1,251 pages constitutes Bill 9389, which the House of Representatives has just unanimously passed. The extraordinary length of this bill is due to the fact that it comprises the consolidation, codification, revision, and re-enactment of all the general and permanent laws of the United States in force March 4, 1919.

The bill was printed under the direction of the House Committee on Revision of Laws, of which the Hon. Edward C. Little, of Kansas, is Chairman. The action was taken pursuant to the resolution of December, 1919.

The new code takes the place of all others now in force, as did the Revised Statutes in 1874; indeed, as did the Codes of Justinian in the Roman Empire and of Napoleon in France.

A table of contents prefaces the text and is of course invaluable, as will be the index which is to follow.

A copy of the law, when passed, will be, of course, indispensable to every advanced student of the development of our Government.

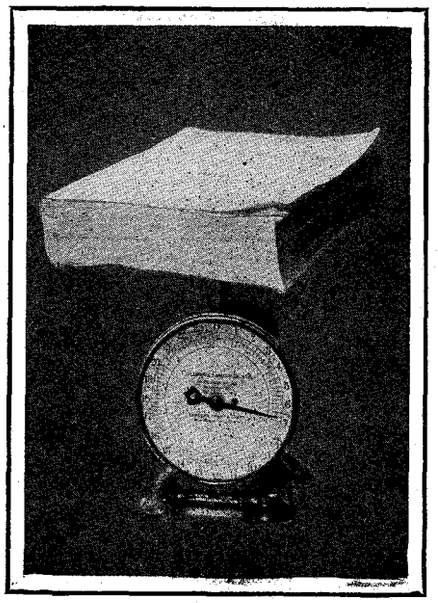
DISARMAMENT

DISARMAMENT is a bad name for a good policy. Weary and disgusted as the peoples of the world are with war, there are still too many deplorable signs of militarism in some groups of ruling classes, if not in some nations, to make it safe for even peace-lovers to abandon all precautions for self-protection.

On another page Mr. P. W. Wilson, of the London "Daily News," brings out this fact clearly as far as it concerns Great Britain.

But there is no reason why the race for national supremacy in armies and navies, with its exhausting and unendurable burdens of taxation, should go on among civilized nations.

Limitation of armaments is a better and more accurate phrase than disarmament for the proposal that is being seriously considered in the United States Senate. There is decided British sentiment in favor of such limitation, and Japan, it is believed, would be glad to join an international movement in this direction. The attitude of France is more doubtful. But if the United States and Great Britain should formulate a practical plan and take definite action towards a reduction of army and navy estimates, France would follow their lead, although perhaps hesitatingly. For France, while what she regards as the German menace continues to threaten, considers Europe to be still an armed camp, and therefore she has as yet little faith in the substitution of judicial procedure for the sword as a method of self-protection.



A BILL TO CODIFY THE U. S. LAWS

This measure may be known, from the name of its sponsor, as the Little Bill; and, like the Collector of the Port of New York, it might be known, from its size, as Big Bill. As seen by the dial it weighed 6 lbs. 13 oz. at birth

It is significant of American feeling that Senator Borah, a "bitter-ender" in his opposition to the League of Nations, wants the Senate to proceed to immediate action on the reduction of naval and army estimates and takes issue with ex-Senator Root, an advocate of the League of Nations with reservations and the champion of an International Supreme Court, who advises waiting until Mr. Harding is inaugurated.

In a public statement Senator Borah puts the case for armament limitation very effectively:

> Two years have passed [since the Peace Treaty advocated a policy of armament reduction], and, instead of disarmament, the most stupendous programmes for armaments ever known have been initiated by at least four of the great Allied and Associated Powers.
>
> France has an army of nearly 1,000,000 men; Japan has been increasing her military and naval power; the United States has let contracts for sixteen battleships which will cost under present conditions $40,000,000 apiece, and other things accordingly. This programme is going forward with a rush, as if we were on the verge of a great war. . . .
>
> The resolution now before the Senate is merely the first step, and is designed to bring the three competitive naval building nations together, in the hope that, when brought together, a plan can be worked out which will result in an agreement for partial disarmament at least. It is also a notice, in a way, that the overburdened taxpayers of these respective countries want a hearing and they want it speedily.

We are glad to have Senator Borah, who not long ago was apparently in favor of having the United States "go it alone" in international matters, record so strong an opinion in behalf of associated effort for international peace. But we confess that we cannot see the serious delay in waiting five weeks until the new Administration takes up the reins of government.

Mr. Root, it should be added, is definitely in favor of the limitation of armaments. "I feel strongly," he says, "that steps should be taken promptly after the new Administration is established to bring about a general agreement on that question."

The new Administration certainly ought to advocate, at the earliest possible moment, some agreement for limitation of armaments fairly proportioned among the nations according to their several conditions and needs.

UNDISCOVERED NEWS

THERE have been in the press many reports of friction between Congress and the Secretary of War. According to these reports, the Secretary has caused more men to be enlisted in the Army than Congress has made provision for. And so Congress wants the Secretary to stop recruiting until the Army shall be reduced to the measure of the money available.

The interesting thing about these reports is not to be found in the quarrel of the Secretary and Congress or in the Congressional debates over limiting the size of our Army. It is to be found in the fact that the Secretary not only did, but could, procure enlistments for the Army with comparative ease.

Those who were familiar with the difficulty of securing recruits in pre-war days must certainly wonder at the present state of affairs.

The answer to the question is to be

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found in the fact that the American Regular Army to-day is not only preparing for war, but is also preparing for peace. It is offering to recruits a systematic course of vocational training. It is taking aliens who cannot read and write English and who are unfamiliar with American ideals and making of them literate and enthusiastic Americans. It is doing the same for Americans of the old stock who have been lost in some eddy of the great current of our National life. The whole purpose of army enlistment is being subjected to ideals of civic upbuilding that are of tremendous importance.

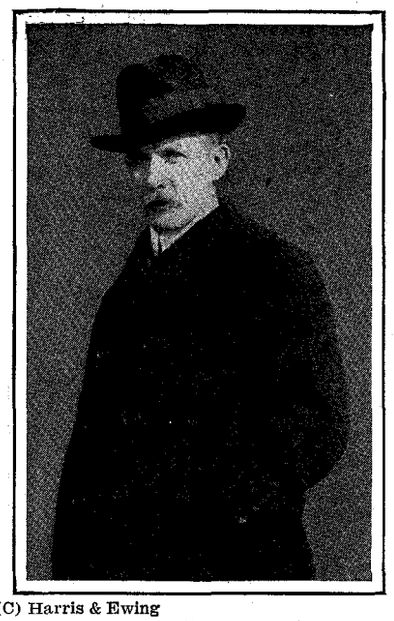
As an example of the influence which the adoption of vocational training has had upon army enlistments, the records for the month of October, 1920, show that, out of a total of more than seventeen thousand men accepted, over nine thousand came into the Army for the purpose of training for civil life.

We have told in the past of the Americanization work of the recruit educational centers, and we shall have more to say concerning the progress of vocational training work in the future. It is perhaps obvious from what we have said, however, that if the Army is to continue to develop its educational function a new consideration must enter into any discussion of the size of our Army. The Nation will be less reluctant than it has been in the past to support and extend the work of an Army which has awakened to a vital civil responsibility.

LETTING THE SOVIETS ALONE

EVERYBODY, including the gentleman himself, seems to have been pleased at the departure from America of the Soviet envoy, Ludwig C. A. K. Martens. This able representative of an alleged proletarian Government was not prevented by any theories of equality from traveling first class in a steamer which conveyed also some seventy-five other advocates of Sovietism who traveled by steerage. Mr. Martens had to resign himself to the comforts still provided by a capitalistic state of society. Though he left us because our Government decided that he should go, he went not unwillingly, according to all reports. He felt that he had done all he could do for the present, and he expected to return. His assistants who went with him are reported to have expressed great joy at their departure, and looked forward to some physical hardships in Russia but anticipated a resumption of "spiritual freedom."

Mr. Martens was ostensibly here to encourage trade relations with Russia, but there is no doubt that he also encouraged, as far as he could, distrust



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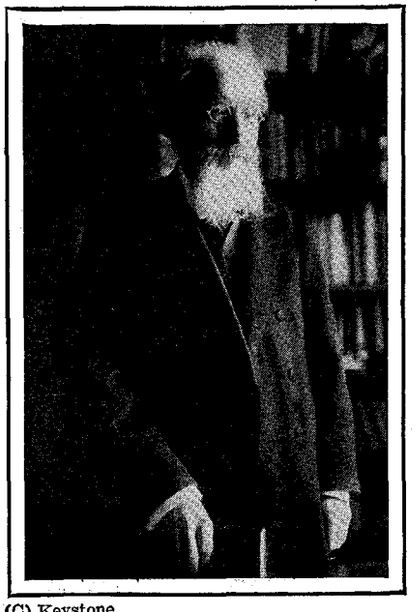
LUDWIG MARTENS, "SOVIET" AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

of our Government. A man who comes from another country with the ill-concealed desire to see the institutions of this country overthrown is of course an impossible person to deal with. There was nothing unfriendly to Mr. Martens personally nor to Russia in the decision to deport him. It was simply the consequence of the Administration's discovery, after a good many months, that it is impossible to deal with a foreign Government which has for one of its essential purposes the undermining of its neighbors' social structure.

The very day that Mr. Martens sailed there was made public by the State Department a note from the President (issued according to custom in the name of the Secretary of State or, in this case,



(C) Keystone
EDUARD BERNSTEIN, WHO TELLS HOW GERMANY FINANCED BOLSHEVISM

the Acting Secretary of State) to Paul Hymans, the President of the Assembly of the League of Nations. This is the latest expression of the policy of the Wilson Administration toward Russia. The President, it will be remembered, had agreed to act as intermediary between Armenia and Turkey. It now appears from this note that the President fears that he cannot act until he knows what the attitude of the Powers is to be toward Russia. The reason for this is that Armenia is dependent upon Soviet Russia, and therefore cannot be freed without the moral and diplomatic support of the principal Powers. Reiterating his conviction that the Bolsheviki constitute a violent and tyrannical minority, he expresses his belief that the trouble about Russia is due to the fact that the small nations formerly belonging to the Russian Empire are afraid to disarm because they fear oppression from the Bolsheviki, and the Bolshevik Government contends that it won't disarm because it fears new attack from outside. The President's solution is therefore to deprive the Bolsheviki of their argument by guaranteeing Soviet Russia against external aggression. Until that guaranty is made he does not feel free to assist the Armenians.

Those who believe in the philosophy of Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations will enthusiastically indorse the President's note. Others are entitled to reservations—at least mental.

THE SUBSIDIZED LENINE

THAT Bolshevism is a distinctly indigenous product of Russia, and not the creation of any outside agency, is the contention of many among the well-informed. Such is the statement of Baron Korff in his article in this issue. It is not necessary to dispute this in order to recognize the fact that Bolshevism would never have attained the power it now has if it had not been cultivated by the enemies alike of Russia and of the Allies in the war.

It was obvious at the time, though, like other obvious things, denied by some, that Germany was making use of Lenine, the Bolshevist leader, to break down the eastern front. There was evidence that German money had been paid to Lenine in Switzerland. Of course such evidence was scouted as the invention of people who were hysterical enough to distrust both Germans and pacifists.

Now those who trust Germans may have evidence in confirmation of what was once obvious without their evidence. In our issue of January 5 we quoted from the statement of General Hoffmann, who had charge of the prop

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MAINLY A MATTER OF POLITICS

CARTOONS AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Chapin in the St. Louis Star

HARDING'S NIGHTMARE

From Miss E. B. Fletcher, Urbana, Ill.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

"NO, THANKS, I WASN'T ELECTED AS A CIRCUS!"

From Edna R. Walls, Philadelphia, Pa.

Berryman in the Washington Star

THE INEVITABLE PROCESSION

From Ernest A. Short, Washington, D. C.

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

THE TRAIL IS COLD!

From W. F. Kruse, New York City

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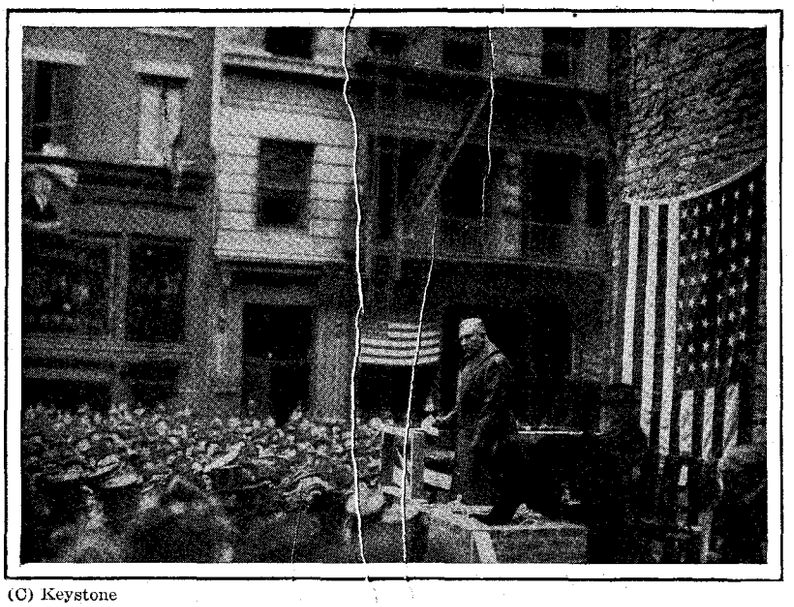

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GENERAL WOOD ADDRESSING THE MEETING AT THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL CEREMONY

ganda department on the eastern front and who said that they used Nikolai Lenine as they used poison gas—to overthrow the Russian army. Now comes Eduard Bernstein, the German Socialist leader, to confirm General Hoffmann's testimony.

Bernstein says that the German Government supplied Lenine with somewhat more than fifty million gold marks, that General Hoffmann himself deposited several heavy bags of gold coin in Lenine's special railway car, in which the German Government had him conveyed across Switzerland to the Russian border. Bernstein points out that Hoffmann's success in bullying the Bolshevik representatives at Brest-Litovsk, when the Russian army was withdrawn from the war, was due to something that the German and Austrian diplomats did not know—Lenine's debt to Hoffmann and the German military coterie.

Thanks to the Germans, Bolshevism got its strangle-hold on Russia. There may be reasons for leaving the Bolsheviki alone, but they are not rooted in any kindness for the Russian people.

CAN BRIAND MAKE GERMANY PAY

ARISTIDE BRIAND is again Premier of France. He sprang from Breton fisherfolk. He has the solid qualities of his race and also that Breton touch of imagination and mysticism which makes the Breton seem, in comparison with the rest of Frenchmen, what the Welshman (Lloyd George, for instance) seems in comparison with Englishmen.

Briand is a self-made man. He became a Socialist, but in 1906, when he accepted a Cabinet post, the Socialists ousted him from their party; they did not want to have one of its members take office in a Cabinet not under its control. Later, Briand emphasized his separation from general Socialist policy when he crushed a great railway strike by mobilizing the strikers.

The reason for a new French Cabinet is due to French impatience with the German fulfillment of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. The Leygues Cabinet fell on that issue. President Millerand asked Raoul Peret to form a Cabinet. Peret failed in this, and then Briand was asked. He succeeded, made a declaration of policy in the Chamber of Deputies, and received one of the largest votes of confidence ever given to a French Government. However, the party leaders made it plain to him that they would overthrow him if he failed to obtain the desired results in the German reparation negotiations.

This is the great question now before France. In the Treaty of Versailles, guaranteed by all the allies of France, Germany promised to pay France for damage done in the war. Though no German factories were destroyed and though German industrial and commercial prosperity is on the increase, Germany has not fulfilled her obligations and evades the issue. The future for France looks dark. The reconstitution of her ravaged soil, of her destroyed industries, and of her disturbed finances is possible only if Germany executes the reparation clauses of the Treaty.

A HALF-CENTURY OF GERMAN UNITY

GROTESQUE as it may seem in the light of what has happened in the World War, the Germans have been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the German Empire. It was just fifty years ago on January 18 that the German princes met at Versailles and watched the King of Prussia assume the Imperial crown. From that moment the Germany of Goethe became the Germany of Bismarck. From that time the other German states became the satellites of Prussia.

It is this event that the Germans have been celebrating. Some of them have been willing to acknowledge that it has not altogether proved a benefit to the people of the German states; but most of them seem to think that its faults were mainly of form rather than substance.

At a Socialist-Democratic meeting in Berlin on the day of the semi-centennial, one of the officials of the present Government praised Bismarck's diplomatic abilities, but deplored the fact that "he had created the Constitution of the German Empire after his own image, namely, that of a Prussian Junker." On the same date the Berlin "Freiheit," the Independent-Socialist organ, printed the following:

> The spirit of Versailles led the inefficient successors of Bismarck into the World War. Their way again leads to Versailles, but to a peace of *military humiliation, political impotence,* and economic exploitation.

And President Ebert, the head of the Government, in an official message to the people declared:

> In all our grievous losses through war and peace we have been spared the great misfortune of the falling apart of the German countries. Firmly they hold together. . . . Our will must be to maintain and strengthen national unity.

Strange as it may seem, a *Republican* Military Leaders' League appeared on that anniversary day. Its proclamation spoke of the formation of the German Empire as a machination of the German princes with which the German people were really little concerned; it was now the people's duty to celebrate the proclamation of the German Republic instead.

Some of Germany's neighbors see little change in fact beneath the change in form. It was to a member of The Outlook's staff that a Belgian officer who had been one of those engaged in holding off the Germans from the remaining corner of his country said a few days after the armistice: "The German Empire or the German Republic—it is all the same to me." There are some Germans still—how many it is difficult to say—who do not even pay lip service to the new governmental forms. On January 18 the Extreme Reactionaries celebrated the founding of the Empire by the first appearance of their "Bund der Aufrechten," or League of the Upright. Their platform is as follows:

> We desire the return of the King of Prussia. Never shall we forget the historic Prussian war cry: "On-

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ward with God for King and Fatherland."

This is another way of putting the statement appearing in the Pan-German "Deutsche Zeitung" which asserts that the constructive facilities of the German people may be converted into a national asset only "when led by a firm hand and in a positive direction." This of course means a King's hand as to Prussia and an Emperor's hand as to Germany; the direction is the direction of Pan-Germany—wherever that may happen to be.

There are many so-called German Liberals. Their sentiments on this subject are reflected in the Berlin "Täglische Rundschau," which says:

> That which was founded fifty years ago cannot be destroyed. The nation has remained sound in its kernel. But its external form has necessarily undergone changes.

So long as liberal Germans think that what the world has found intolerable in Germany is a matter of form only, they must expect to find themselves and their fellow-Germans still the object of distrust.

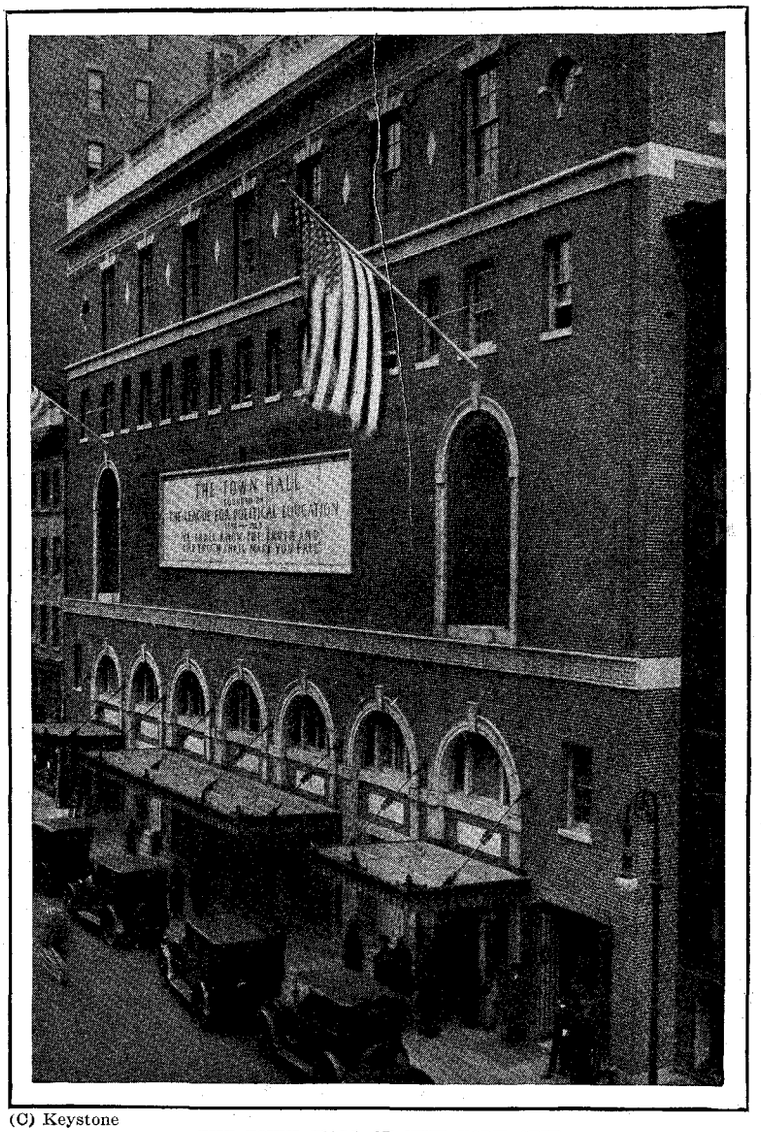
A CORNER-STONE, A EULOGY, AND A TOWN HALL

THE corner-stone has been laid for the building which is to supplement the restoration of the house in which Theodore Roosevelt was born. The work of planning the new and of restoring the old building at 26 East Twentieth Street, New York City, has been carried on by the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association. It is intended that the two buildings shall not only be a memorial to Theodore Roosevelt, but that they shall also constitute a foundation for the teaching and preservation of the Roosevelt ideals.

General Wood was appropriately selected to lay the corner-stone and to deliver the address. Representatives of France, Belgium, Holland, Brazil, Cuba, and Panama also took part in the ceremonies. It was the work of the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association which called forth a striking tribute from Calvin Coolidge on January 24. Vice-President-elect Coolidge, in speaking before this Association within the walls of New York's new "Town Hall," said:

> Men build monuments above the graves of their heroes to mark the end of a great life, but women seek out the birthplace and build their shrine not where a great life had its ending but where it had its beginning, seeking with a truer instinct the common source of things not in that which is gone forever, but in that which they know will again be manifest. Life may depart, but the source of life is constant.

This address of Mr. Coolidge's gave added evidence to the fact that Massachusetts has given to American public life a rare and stimulating type of eloquence.



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THE TOWN HALL OF NEW YORK CITY

Governor Coolidge's utterances have again and again shown a Lincolnian incisiveness which is grateful to the ears. Governor Coolidge is a maker of striking phrases, but they are phrases fundamentally sound in conception and based upon a consistent and well-tried political philosophy. There is poetry, too, in his closely chiseled thought. Take, for instance, the opening passage of the address from which we have already quoted:

> Great men are the ambassadors of Providence, sent to reveal to their fellow-men their unknown selves. To them is granted the power to call forth the best there is in those who come under their influence. Sometimes they have come as great captains, commanders of men, who have hewed out empires; sometimes as statesmen, ministering to the well-being of their country; sometimes as painters and poets, showing new realms of beauty; sometimes as philosophers and preachers, revealing to the race "the way, the truth, and the light," but always as inspirers of noble action, translating high ideals into the practical affairs of life. There is something about them better than anything they do or say. If measured at all, they are to be measured in the responsive action of what others do or say. They come and go, in part a mystery, in part the simplest of all experience, the compelling influence of the truth. They leave no successor. The heritage of greatness descends to the people.

Those who live outside New York (and also a great many who live within its confines) may ask where and what is the Town Hall in which Governor Coolidge spoke. Briefly, it is a public auditorium and a gathering-place for civic enterprise, built by the League for Political Education. In co-operation with the Economic Club of New York and the Civic Forum, the League hopes to give a hearing within the walls of its new hall to every law-abiding public movement in New York City. It is hoped that the new Town Hall, a picture of which appears on this page, will

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fulfill for the present generation something of the function supplied by Cooper Union in the past. The Town Hall, at 113 West Forty-third Street, New York City, contains club-rooms, a restaurant, a reference library on political science, and a bureau of information.

In the Current Events section of this week's Outlook appears a picture of the public-spirited women who have planned and brought into being this notable enterprise.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

ONE of the most perplexing problems which Mr. Harding will have to face when he becomes President of the United States on March 4 is the question of foreign relations. It is especially perplexing because so comparatively few Americans give any serious consideration to it. More than twenty-five million American citizens who voted at the last Presidential election, basing their action very largely on a domestic situation, registered a sweeping decision unprecedented in the history of the ballot. Of this enormous number of men and women it is safe to say that only a small percentage pay much attention to the relations of the United States to its neighbors in the community of the world. This is because most Americans have a vague idea that the United States is self-contained and is not concerned, and perhaps ought not to be concerned, with what goes on in the rest of the world.

There are three principal causes for this state of mind. First, Washington's widely quoted, but widely misunderstood, dictum that we ought not to have entangling alliances; second, our geographical situation, which in the early days of the Republic did separate us from Europe and Asia almost as much as though we were living on another planet; and, third, the extreme development of the protective system after the Civil War, which taught large numbers of our people to think that the more commodities we can keep out of the country from foreign parts the richer we shall become.

The World War has changed all this. We found that we had to make an alliance for self-protection with France, England, Italy, and Belgium. We found that modern science, with its wireless telegraph and submarine cables, had so dried up the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans that the failure of a silk house in Japan or a great bank in London produces instantaneously a disastrous effect on our own finance and industry. And we found that trade is simply barter; that if we do not take goods from Japan and England we cannot sell the Japanese and English our cotton and wheat; that as a result our cotton and wheat producing States are now suffering from a disastrous industrial depression.

There is another thing which should make every citizen deeply interested in the question of foreign relations—its direct effect on the coal-bin and the breakfast table.

It is announced by the Secretary of the Treasury that the budget of the Federal expenditures for the next fiscal year is four billion dollars. At least one-half of this amount, or two billion dollars, is due to the bad foreign relations which produced the World War. About eight hundred million dollars of this sum has to be raised annually to pay the interest on Liberty Bonds alone. We have become so accustomed during the last five years to talk in big figures that the word billion comes trippingly off the tongue without much comprehension of what it actually means. If a minting machine had started to coin gold dollars at the birth of Jesus and had continued to this date without the slightest intermission turning out those coins at the rate of two a minute, it would have only on January 1, 1921, succeeded in producing two billion dollars. And yet we propose to raise this terrific sum annually by taxation to pay for the results of bad foreign relations.

The world is now groaning under an almost intolerable burden of war taxes. Are we not going to be intelligent enough to pay sufficient attention hereafter to foreign relations to save our children and grandchildren from being plunged into the mess in which we find ourselves involved?

GRUBS

AMONG the volumes which drift into The Outlook office for review appears an anthology of college verse entitled "The Poets of the Future."[1] It is edited by a gentleman whose name is tagged with a formidable-looking Ph.D., and it appears to be the latest volume of a series which has been appearing since 1915.

The verses in this volume have been gathered from colleges of every kind and size. The Table of Contents moved us first to wonder whether or not there was a chance for some Walter Camp of a literary critic to prepare an All-American team of college poets, or to award an intercollegiate verse-writing championship which would have at least as reasonable a foundation as some of the football championships which are so generously created by the gentlemen whose object in life is to fill their sporting pages three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

Goucher College, for instance, has eight contributions in the present volume, Harvard has three, and Yale has none. Has Goucher been proselyting among the high schools in search of poetic talent? Has the editor of this anthology been at fault in his selection, or can Goucher fairly claim to have beaten Harvard and Yale by scores of 8 to 3 and 8 to 0? Perhaps the final award of standing might not be so simple a proposition as the mere totaling of the number of contributions. The score might be affected by penalties for "rough play" (the rhyme of "bring" and "sings" which we found in one poem in this volume certainly should be so classed), or penalties for "off side," specifically applicable to free-verse poets, might affect the final score. Any one who reads this volume will be able to think of numerous other offenses which should be penalized in an attempt to reach a just and definite conclusion. Doubtless it will not be difficult to conjure up penalties which should be imposed for this extensive catalogue of offenses. For ourselves, we would not exclude even hanging from this list.

To drop our sporting metaphor, we are inclined to believe that the colleges must be unfairly represented by this volume, and that some of its faults can be attributed to the poor judgment of the editor rather than the total barrenness of the field from which his material has been drawn. We are loth to believe that the men and women who are so magniloquently defined as "the poets of the future" are all as uninspired as the present volume would indicate.

There are defects and virtues which one naturally looks for in the work of the young artist. The chief defect in the work of young poets is the lack of critical power, the lack of ability to tell what is good and what is very bad. Poets of promise, however, no matter how young, indicate this promise by something more tangible than tepid rhythm and commonplace rhyme. They may not be able to tell the difference between diamonds and glass, but they do create diamonds as well as glass. Such a poet, for instance, as Alan Seeger (whose faculty of self-criticism was never very highly developed) turned out some stanzas during his college career which in cadence and movement would have added luster to almost any name. We could cite a dozen other college poets of a decade or two ago whose college work would have justified any one in saying, "These men will bear watching."

We are inclined to wonder whether or not the poor showing of the pre[illegible]

[1] The Poets of the Future: A College Anthology for 1918–20. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph.D. The Stratford Company, Boston.

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volume is not in a measure due to the easy assumption of some of our older writers of free verse that poetry is born without travail. Most of the poems in the present volume indicate a fundamental lack of feeling for rhythm and music. Is this lack due wholly to faulty ears, or is it in a measure the result of the widespread belief that, after all, the elements which have been regarded as essentials of poetry since poetry began are needless and hampering bounds which can be cast jauntily aside? Whatever the answer may be, we confess that poets and poetasters who compare their emergence from traditional form to that of the emergence of the butterfly from the chrysalis have not yet proved their theory to our satisfaction. In bursting their chrysalis they have seemed to us to come forth, not as butterflies, but as the same uninspiring grubs which they were when they entered.

DISMAY

"A FRIEND of mine in England," the Young-Old Philosopher was saying, "wrote me the other day that the aftermath of war fills him with despair; and in his letter he painted a terrible picture of the conditions both in his own country and on the Continent.

"He is a poet, and, I assure you, his words were wonderfully vivid, and left me too with a sense of the hopelessness of the world. But only for a time. For suddenly I thought how wrong this point of view might be. Through all history, through all ages, man has struggled upward to higher things; and each war that has wrought havoc and ruin and dismay has seemed to the generation that fought it and lived through it the most disastrous war of history. And this is but natural; for that which we experience ourselves has an incredible force. The thought came to me that the artist, of all people, should be the one to keep his poise in the face of devastating events and not lose his perspective, nor have beauty fail him in the crucial hour. The eternal things go on, however the world may seem to go down in ruin for a time. The miracle of the moon and stars, the return of the seasons, the recurrent movement of the tides—these rhythmic truths persist though the cannon roar and the rocket screams. I have repeatedly told you that I am not a Pollyanna optimist; but, conversely, I am not a crass pessimist; and I cannot feel and believe that this is the era of the world's end, and that all our ideals, all we built, are to crumble in one consuming flame.

"How strangely life repeats itself! I was reading Voltaire only the other evening, and he tells how the Quakers, away back in seventeen hundred and something, failed to make headway in Germany because, as he put it, 'the mode of "theeing" and "thouing" was not approved of in a country where a man is perpetually obliged to employ the titles of "Highness" and "Excellency."' So it was thus in Germany then, as it has been up till this last unbelievable war. The same gospel of subserviency was preached and the democratic spirit was frustrated then, as now. Yet we thought the German passion for stupid obedience a new development, a fresh product of a race long enveloped in it. Another example, this, of life repeating itself, racial traits coming out once more.

"I do not think, with Voltaire, that we leave this world, seeing it as stupid as when we entered it. Progress we have indeed made; but it has not been as rapid as we would have had it. There is a sliding back now and again in art, in human relations, in politics—in everything. But is not the trend upward in the final analysis?

"The artist, after all, is more or less an interpreter for the human race. He must keep his vision, he must not lose his sense of the wonder and magic of life; for if he should fail, if he cannot penetrate beyond the mists that often encircle us, who is there left to tell of the glamour that is eternally over the hills?

"His responsibility is great. There is a certain clairvoyance in him that forces the world to heed his utterances —or however he may express himself (for I am speaking of all artists, of course). He attracts through the miracle of his almost second sight. Imagination is a marvelous thing; and those who imagine beyond the present moment are the seers and prophets who hold the fort for us in perilous days."

FREE THOUGHT

THE OUTLOOK has received three or four letters protesting against the insertion in its pages of an advertisement of Robert G. Ingersoll's works. I ask these correspondents to read without prejudice this statement of the reasons which lead me to believe that to exclude this particular advertisement would have been an injustice.

In the acceptance of advertising for publication in The Outlook it is our uniform rule to satisfy ourselves of the financial responsibility, good business standing, and reliable character of every advertiser, and we make such investigation as is deemed necessary to establish these facts. We accept no advertising of a financial nature pertaining to investments until it has been approved by a member of our staff whose special function it is to obtain information from responsible and conservative sources. For reasons which seem to us good in each particular case The Outlook is constantly declining a considerable amount of advertising. In other words, an effort is made to edit the advertising pages as carefully as the reading pages. In no case do we guarantee an advertised article, and the fact that an article is advertised in The Outlook does not mean that The Outlook indorses it or recommends its purchase.

We should, of course, refuse an advertisement of a book which on its face was criminal or which incited or facilitated vice or crime. But with this exception books come within the accepted class of advertising, and we do not attempt in our advertising columns to discriminate between books which teach what we regard as truth and those which teach what we regard as error. For that discrimination our readers must look to our editorial pages.

The Outlook believes that the best defense of the truth is an absolutely free field for discussion between truth and error. One of the most useful books of recent acquisition in my library is a little booklet on "The Soviets at Work," by Nikolai Lenine—useful because it gives me an authoritative definition of Bolshevism, which, accepting Lenine's definition, I detest. I have in my library the complete works of Thomas Paine, two lives of Voltaire, and, if I were pastor in a community where Ingersoll had a vogue, I should probably purchase Ingersoll's works and study them. I am therefore perfectly willing to have the publisher tell our readers where they can be found.

I have faith in truth and faith in my fellow-men and a lifelong faith that the best way to conduct men to the truth is to let them know all that can be said against it. And I have no faith in my capacity or the capacity of any man or set of men to determine what opinions may be excluded from the discussion. The "Sunday School Times" apparently believes that it has that capacity, for a few years ago it refused an advertisement of the "Ladies' Home Journal" because I was contributing a department of religious inquiry to that journal. The Roman Catholic Church believes that it has that capacity and has an index on which it puts prohibited books. Most Americans will agree that the standard of spiritual intelligence is higher in America, where error has been free, than in Spain, where a few wise men have decided what the common people may read.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

International

WOMEN ELECTORS OF MASSACHUSETTS

For the first time, women served this year as members of the Massachusetts Electoral College, and one of them, Mrs. Elizabeth Putnam (a sister of President Lowell, of Harvard), was elected President of the body. Left to right: Miss Marion C. Burrows, Mrs. Charlotte H. J. Guild, Mrs. Putnam, Miss Emma Romano

Paul Thompson

GOVERNORS OF THE NEW TOWN HALL CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY

The Town Hall, recently opened, is designed as a public forum—a "later Faneuil Hall," as described by one of its officers

(C) Keystone

WOMEN WHO WILL DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO SERVING LEPERS

These Salvation Army missionaries were photographed in New York City while on their way to Java to do missionary work in the leper colonies there. They are from Norway, Sweden, Holland, and England

WOMEN'S WORK—NEW AND OLD

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Wide World

FRENCH CHILDREN HAPPY AGAIN WITH CHRISTMAS TOYS FROM AMERICA

The photograph, we are informed, was taken near Verdun. These French orphans have received toys from the French and American Association in Paris, and are wearing caps which bear the "Stars and Stripes"

Wide World

WHERE MISERY YET REIGNS IN EUROPE—REFUGEES FLEEING FROM BOLSHEVISM

Here are a group of Russians leaving the Crimea for a haven where Bolshevism will cease to exploit them—one of the last echoes, we are informed, of the defeat of General Wrangel

UNSETTLED EUROPE—HOPEFUL FRANCE AND AFFLICTED RUSSIA

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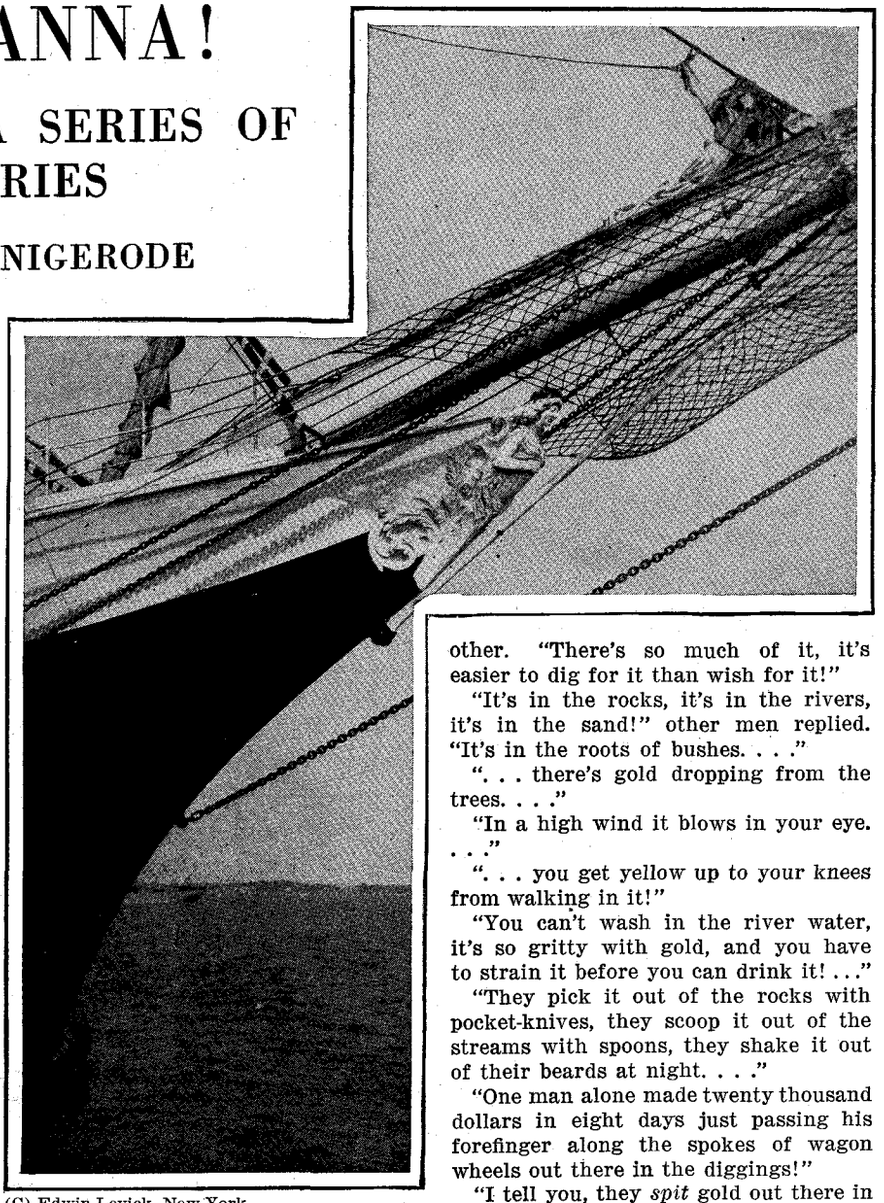
OH, SUSANNA!

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF SEA STORIES

BY MEADE MINNIGERODE



(C) Edwin Levick, New York

THEY will tell you differently, perhaps, and talk of letters and official reports, but it was really a girl who started it all—a golden-haired girl at the Atlantic Gardens, and the song she sang one evening.

No one had taken much stock in it at first. Seafaring men were always full of pleasantries, entertaining enough to listen to around a bowl of egg-nog, but not to be taken seriously. Like that tale of Captain Logan's concerning the Black Ball packet Cygnet:

". . . made such speed, gentlemen, on her last voyage, she rose out of the water and sailed through the air like a bird, to the wonder of all beholders!"

To the wonder of all beholders, yes, indeed! Captain Logan was always a good one at that sort of thing.

"Springs a yarn as easily as one of those floating butcher shops out of New Bedford springs a leak," as some one once said of him. Which was a gross slander on the "floating butcher shops," but of course every last wisp of a boy on a lordly packet had to spit over the rail at the mere thought of a whaler:

Oh, poor Reuben Ranzo,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
Oh, Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.
So they shipped him aboard a whaler,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
And made him eat whale blubber,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo,
Oh, Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

And so with this latest yarn floating around the taverns and the counting-houses, there was no truth in it, very likely. To be sure, the Sunfish had come in from the Sandwich Isles all goggle-eyed over the news, and there had even been a piece about it in the Baltimore "Sun" back there in September. But it was all very far away and highly improbable. Those Californians were always thinking up something tall to say about their trees, and their climate, and their natural wonders, anyway.

The placid surface of the social gatherings at the Astor House was hardly ruffled, and the outcome of the race home between the Black Ball and Dramatic packets was a much more engrossing subject.

And then on a sudden morning the news broke along the water-front with the arrival of the latest ship. They had samples on board for all to see. It was true. They had found it at Sutter's Sawmill, near the fort. That had been 'way back in January, and now it was pouring in.

"Gold! Gold! There's gold in California! It's everywhere! All you have to do is pick it up!"

Across the Battery, up the busy length of South Street, where the booms and figureheads of the stately ships were drawn up like a forest, in and out of the counting-houses, among the mansions of the merchant princes, up Broadway to the Astor House, all around the Bowling Green, down Bridge Street and State Street and Whitehall Street, the news went leaping, twisting and turning like a trail of fire.

Gold! Gold! Gold!

The magic word of the ages, to stir the blood and fire the imagination with the glitter of its romance. The Spanish Main, the treasures of the Indies, buried loot of scarcely forgotten corsairs; and now there was gold in California, it was pouring into Yerba Buena—what did they call it now? San Francisco. The Golden Gates were open!

"It's everywhere," men told one another. "There's so much of it, it's easier to dig for it than wish for it!"

"It's in the rocks, it's in the rivers, it's in the sand!" other men replied. "It's in the roots of bushes. . . ."

". . . there's gold dropping from the trees. . . ."

"In a high wind it blows in your eye. . . ."

". . . you get yellow up to your knees from walking in it!"

"You can't wash in the river water, it's so gritty with gold, and you have to strain it before you can drink it! . . ."

"They pick it out of the rocks with pocket-knives, they scoop it out of the streams with spoons, they shake it out of their beards at night. . . ."

"One man alone made twenty thousand dollars in eight days just passing his forefinger along the spokes of wagon wheels out there in the diggings!"

"I tell you, they *spit* gold out there in California!"

Gold! Gold! Gold!

So men talked in eager groups while housewives fretted over tardy suppers, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, and young bloods spoke familiarly of California and of riches to be gained and adventures to be shared, for talk was easy, and the journey a simple one to undertake—in arm-chairs.

". . . out to the Mississippi, and then across the plains to Sutter's. . . ."

"A dreary route, and much imperiled by savages—no, the Isthmus is my choice. . . ."

"Yes, to Chagres, and a brief journey overland to Panama, and then a quick passage north to San Francisco. . . ."

". . . a continuous passage is what it amounts to, the shipping agent assures me, and the trip across the Isthmus to break the monotony of the voyage. . . ."

Yes, indeed! Chagres, Sutter's, the Plains, Panama—brave, high-sounding names, all of them. But it was the girl at the Atlantic Gardens who sent them storming the wharves, flooding the decks of every tub that could be made

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to float, roaring down through the Narrows on their way to El Dorado.

The girl with the golden hair and the golden voice, and her song which she sang one evening.

It really began with a party of gentlemen up at the Astor House, at a private dinner tendered to Matthew Parsons by Captain Logan, of the packet Cygnet. "Handsome Mat Parsons," Captain Logan's "dandy mate." Mat was leaving the Cygnet to take command of the Breeze from the West, a packet captain at twenty-seven, and nothing short of a banquet would serve to celebrate the occasion.

"To the dandy mate of the packet Cygnet," Captain Logan boomed down the long table. "A man who has licked his weight in wildcats and proved his worth as a sailor and a gentleman. To the packet Breeze from the West and her new commander, the pride of the Black Ball Line! Gentlemen, I give you Captain Parsons—Handsome Mat Parsons. . . ."

From his very earliest infancy Matthew Parsons had taken to his heart everything that had to do with ships, which was hardly to be wondered at considering the maritime heritage that was his.

To begin with, both of his grandfathers were well-known figures in the shipping circles of the port. The one in Mr. Ackley's shipyard at the foot of Pelham Street, and the other, Mr. Benjamin Moore, his mother's father, one of the leading merchants and shipowners of the town, whose house flag with the red, white, and blue horizontal stripes had flown in every port in the world.

"If it's Moore, it's sure, . . ." as they said of him.

Then of course Matthew was the son of Gamaliel Parsons, the master mariner. Gamaliel Parsons, who had served on the privateer Chaser in the adventures of 1812, and had been tendered a public banquet at the City Hotel in recognition of his gallant conduct at the affair of Fayal Roads. Gamaliel Parsons, who was known now throughout the Orient, with his Felicity Belle and his Hooglie, as the luckiest and most widely liked of the Yankee merchant navigators.

And the handsomest, in the high white collar and black stock of his early twenties and thirties. It was from him that Matthew inherited his own extraordinary good looks, which had earned for him his nickname of Handsome Mat. From his father, and from his mother too, who as Felicity Moore had been the acknowledged belle of the town—a young lady towards whom all eyes were admiringly turned when she stepped into the New York Gardens of an evening or into Mr. Cullen's Magnesian Shop for an ice.

But to Matthew the latter heritage was of no concern whatever, whereas the ships filled all his mind and heart. And while his father thought wistfully of his privateering days and occupied himself with swift, sharp China-bound vessels, with Matthew it was a question of packets and the dangers and glories of the transatlantic passage.

They were the latest venture in American shipping, these packets—the Black Ball Line had only been started five years before Matthew was born—and where boys of a later generation would have been eagerly following the career of some athletic hero Matthew was an authority on every detail pertaining to these winged greyhounds of his day, and to the records of their runs.

> . . . oh, she's lovely up aloft,
> And she's lovely down below,
> Oh, run, let the bullgine run.
> Way ya a ah o oh,
> Run, let the bullgine run. . . .

Of course the earlier ones were a little before his time. The first Black Ballers, the Amity, the Pacific, the Eagle, the Canada, and their sisters, four or five hundred ton vessels, with flush decks, the long-boat housed over to carry the sheep and the geese and the hens, and the cow-house over the main hatch. Black hulls with varnished bends, and the inside of rails and hatch-houses finished in green.

The Red Star Liverpool packets, too, the Grinnell and Minturn Swallow Tail Line, and the London and Havre packets of the early twenties were a little too much for him to keep track of, although he knew their swallow-tail house flags and the names of most of the ships. The Panther, the Meteor, the Silas Richards, the Cortes, the President, the Cambria, the Helen Mar, the Silvia de Grasse, the Baltimore, the France, the Mercury, and many another sturdy sail carrier flying the Stars and Stripes.

> . . . to Liverpool we'll make our way,
> *Amelia, whar you bound to?*
> To Liverpool, thet Yankee school,
> *Across the Western ocean.* . . .

But in the thirties, when Matthew was growing up to be ten, and twelve, and fifteen years old, there was not a question having to do with packets, their appearance, their records, and their commanders, which he was not prepared to discuss or which he did not actually discuss upon the slightest provocation.

The ships of the new line to New Orleans, in 1831—the Nashville, the Huntsville, the Louisville, the Creole, and the Natchez, the first packets to be built in accordance with the new full poop-deck specifications. And the Formosa, the Isaac Bell, the Galia, the Duchesse d'Orleans, and the others of that third line to Havre, of which the Isaac Bell, under Captain Johnston, made the voyage from Havre to New York in January in less than eighteen days.

"And in January, too!" Matthew would marvel. "I guess that's the worst month on the Atlantic if you're westbound. . . ."

Then that new concern running to Liverpool, the Dramatic Line, carrying a big black X on their foretopsails—as though that could get them across any faster than a Black Baller! It was simply an imitation of the large black ball on the latter's foretopsails, anyway. The Siddons, the Garrick, the Roscius, the Sheridan, who got herself properly beaten in a race with Captain De Peyster's Black Baller Columbus.

". . . nearly nine hundred tons she is," Matthew gloated. "And the Columbus is not six hundred. And she carried a crew of forty on purpose to win the race, and the old Black Baller beat her by two days, sixteen to eighteen!"

The new ships, too, of the Swallow Tail Line, such as the Washington, and the Pennsylvania, and the Independence, commanded by Captain Ezra Nye, who sailed on the 6th of March for several years so that she might carry the President's Message over to England.

"She can do New York to Liverpool in fourteen days," Matthew used to complain. "But the President's Message ought to go over on the Black Ball Line."

And lastly, because they were the finest of all in Matthew's estimation, the more recent Black Ballers—the Columbus, the Oxford, the New York, the Cambridge—forerunners of the great packets of his early manhood, the Fidelia, the thousand-ton Montezuma, the Yorkshire, holder under Captain Bailey of the record west-bound Atlantic passage of sixteen days.

Fine, presentable vessels they were, these later packets, with their painted ports and white finishing, carrying all the sail that could be handled in the North Atlantic gales, and a little more besides; while they raced each other ceaselessly back and forth, under the command of men who drove them forward sleeplessly and relentlessly in all seasons, and through all weathers, up to their knightheads in rolling seas.

Men who were numbered among the finest navigators afloat, possessed of unbounded physical endurance to withstand the days and nights on end of duty on the deck required of them, and accustomed to the niceties of good breeding which must be theirs in their dealings with the passengers of quality who crowded their cabins. And armed with the strength and courage essential to the proper handling of the desperate ruffianly "packet rats" who composed their crews.

Strong, thickset, tattooed Waterloo Road grogshop sweepings, villainous and depraved. Good sailors enough, in their red shirts and sea boots, up aloft shortening sail in a howling blizzard, but only after they had been pounded into respectful obedience by the iron hand of the captain and the "belaying-pin soup" of the "greaser" and "blower" mates.

Singing sailormen, these, of course, with a chorus for every emergency.

> Oh, the smartest packet you can find,
> *Ah he, ah ho, are you most done?*
> Is the fair New York in the Black Ball Line.
> So clear the track, let the bullgine run,

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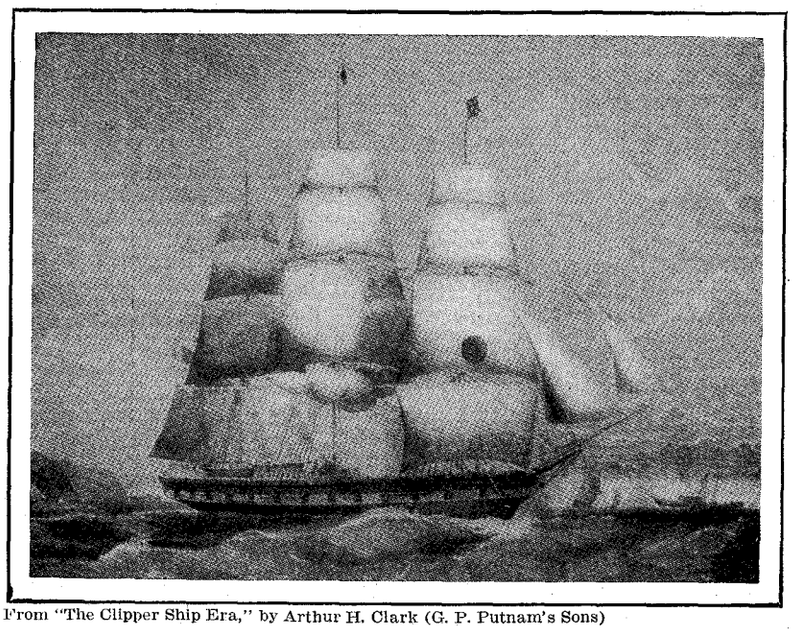

From "The Clipper Ship Era," by Arthur H. Clark (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

THE MONTEZUMA

"And lastly, because they were the finest of all in Matthew's estimation, the more recent Black Ballers—the Columbus, the Oxford, the New York, the Cambridge—forerunners of the great packets of his early manhood, the Fidelia, the thousand-ton Montezuma. . . ."

To my aye rig a jig in a low back car,
Ah he, ah ho, are you most done?
With Eliza Lee all on my knee,
So clear the track, let the bullgine run. . . .

Something like this for the anchor, and then for setting sail, "Haul on the Bowlin'!"

Haul on the bowlin', the packet is a-rollin',
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!
Haul on the bowlin', the maintopgallant bowlin',
Haul on the bowlin', the bowlin' haul!

or "Blow the Man Down," with its hint of autobiographical Liverpool reminiscence:

. . . as I was walking down Paradise Street,
Way ay, blow the man down,
A saucy young p'liceman I happened to meet,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Says he you're a Black Baller by the cut of your hair,
Way ay, blow the man down,
I know you're a Black Baller by the clothes that you wear,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

You've sailed in a packet that flies the Black Ball,
Way ay, blow the man down,
You've robbed some poor Dutchman of boots, clothes, and all,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Oh, p'liceman, p'liceman, you do me great wrong,
Way ay, blow the man down,
I'm a Jamesina sailor just home from Hongkong,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

They gave me three months in Walton jail,
Way ay, blow the man down,
For booting and kicking and blowing him down,
Give me some time to blow the man down. . . ."

and very probably a round or two of—

. . . Johnny's gone to Liverpool,
Away you Hee—lo—o,
To Liverpool, that Yankee school,
John's gone to Hilo.

Those Yankee sailors you'll see there,
Away you Hee—lo—o,
With red top boots and short cut hair,
John's gone to Hilo.

Oh, Johnny's gone to Baltimore,
Away you Hee—lo—o,
To dance upon the sanded floor,
John's gone to Hilo.

And of course "The Black Ball Line" at the windlass:

. . . for once there was a Black Ball ship,
Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!
That fourteen knots an hour could slip,
Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!

Her yards were square, her gear all new,
Hurrah for the Black Ball Line!
She had a good and gallant crew,
Hurrah for the Black Ball Line! . . .

Such was the service, with its ships and its men and its songs, which Matthew entered when he was eighteen, with his mind made up to become "the dandy mate of a Black Ball packet!"

And now, not quite ten years later, he was to be a captain, with a packet of his own.

They finally put him at the piano, for Mat could "strike a light" with any chanty man afloat, and made him sing that catchy new song of Mr. Foster's with its lilting chorus:

I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee,
I'm gwan to Louisiana,
My true love for to see!
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot, I froze to death,
Susanna don't you cry.
Oh, Susanna,
Don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee!

Oh, when I gets to New Orleans,
I'll look all round and round,
And when I find Susanna
I'll fall right on the ground!
But if I do not find her,
This darky'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna don't you cry.
Oh, Susanna,
Don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee!

"Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me!" some one sang out from across the room. "I'm off for California, with my banjo on my knee!"

"Hear, hear!" everybody laughed. "I'm off for California! The words fit right in too!"

"But you wouldn't take a banjo to California!" objected Mat. "Let's see, I'm off for California, with—with my—"

"What are those things they sift the sand in out there?" asked Captain Logan. "Dishpans, wash-bowls. . . ."

"With my wash-bowl on my knee," hummed Mat. "Say, that fits all right!

"Oh, Susanna,
Don't you cry for me,
I'm off for California,
With my wash-bowl on my knee!"

"Hurrah, Mat!" they shouted. "Go on, make up some more words, let's have a new song for the boys!"

"Let's see, how does it go?" said Mat. "'It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry;' let's see—the weather it was dry—I'll—I'll wash—drain the rivers dry! How's that?"

"Go on, go on! Try the other line—you can skip the first ones, the music just repeats. . . ."

"Well, they say they get it out of the rivers and out of the rocks, don't they? I'll dig the rocks bare—that won't do—I'll dig the mountains bare—I'll *scrape* the mountains bare—clean—that's it, I'll scrape the mountains clean, tum tum—we want two words there. . . ."

"I'll scrape the mountains clean, old boy. . . ."

"No—old *girl!* It's all about Susanna!"

"That's it. Now we've got it, listen!

"I'll scrape the mountains clean, old girl,
I'll drain the rivers dry,
I'm off for California,
Susanna, don't you cry!
Oh, Susanna,
Don't you cry for me,
I'm off for California,
With my wash-bowl on my knee!"

Over and over again they sang it, with all the fervor of novelty, and when they stopped for breath the song that was to go around the world was theirs. The song that started the gold rush and

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roared its way from the Battery to Hongkong, via the two capes.

After the golden-haired girl had sung it, that is. . . .

That was at the Atlantic Gardens, a little later in the evening, when Mat Parsons and some of the younger members of the company had dropped in there to hear the concert in the auditorium before returning to their boarding-houses.

She was singing when they came in, the golden-haired girl—singing her heart out before an unreceptive audience, to the tinkly accompaniment furnished by a sickly youth who might have been her brother.

"It's the golden-haired girl," some one in the party volunteered. "That's what they call her. They say she used to be a music teacher in New England somewhere—don't know how she ever came to be singing here. . . ."

But Mat was not listening to what they were saying. He was gazing at the girl, so slender, so tired looking, with her plucky smile and frightened eyes. And so beautiful. . . .

She sang "Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer" and "John Anderson, my Joe," but it was only when, with an accompanying flourish, she began "Oh, Susanna" that Mat paid any attention.

"Get her to sing the new verse," some one suggested. "Here, boy, present Captain Parsons's compliments to the lady who is singing—Miss Crane?—to Miss Crane, then, and tell her he has something very important to impart to her."

"How ridiculous!" Mat kept saying to them, blushing at their banter; but just the same he watched the boy's progress across the hall, saw him disappear at the close of the song, and waited breathlessly for him to return.

"Miss Crane will be glad to hear whatever Captain Parsons wishes to say," he announced. "She has to sing again in a few moments, if the captain can spare the time now."

And so Handsome Mat Parsons found himself face to face with the golden-haired girl, in the wings of the little stage.

"How do you do, miss?" he said, awkwardly. She did not look like a theatrical person, and she was even more beautiful than he had supposed.

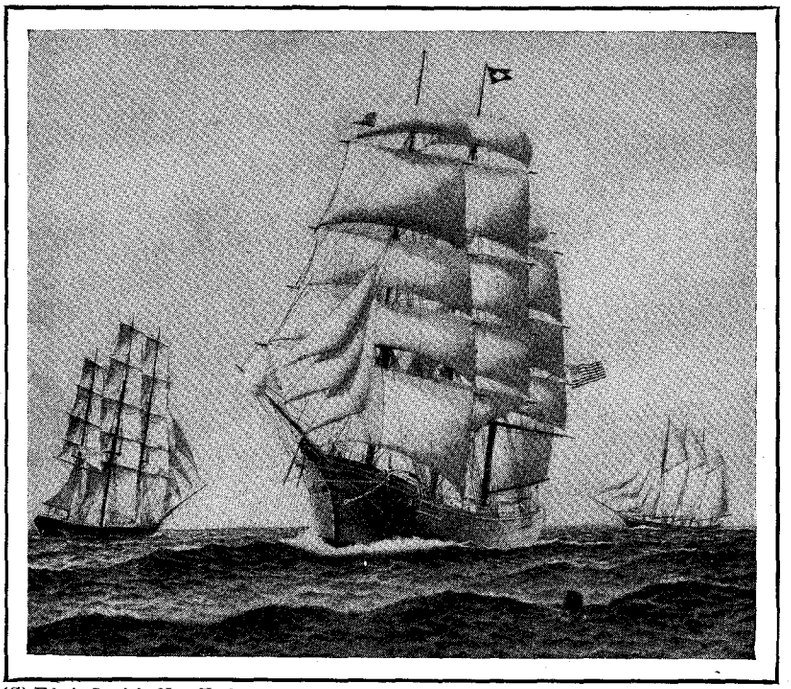
"You wished to speak with me, sir?" she asked him, and her more Northern intonation rang cleanly in his ears. "Can I be of service to you?"

"It was I—my friends who hoped perhaps to do you a slight service, miss," Mat smiled. "You were singing 'Oh, Susanna!' a moment ago, and we have some new words—about California—it's getting to be all the rage, you know—"

"Oh, yes?"

"We thought you might care to sing them as an encore. Here they are," and he handed her the scrap of paper on which he had scribbled them.

"Oh, how splendid!" she laughed as she read them. "The audience will love it! It's very kind of you, sir."



(C) Edwin Levick, New York

IN THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

"Up to the Equator again with all sails set—studdingsails, skysails, ringtails—and finally through the Golden Gate, one hundred and seventy-two days from New York"

"Look here, I wish you wouldn't call me sir, miss!" Mat exclaimed all of a sudden, and they both laughed in each other's eyes.

"I think really I'd better," she parried. "As long as you call me miss, sir."

"Do you sing here every evening?" Mat asked her in another sudden conversational outburst.

"Yes, every evening, at present," she replied. "Do you come here often?"

"No, very seldom. I'm at sea most of the time," he explained.

"Oh, yes, of course," and Mat thought that she had sighed. "But you're ashore now for a while?"

"I'm afraid not," he told her. "I'm taking the Breeze from the West out on next packet day."

"Oh!" she said, and that was all, while she turned the scrap of paper this way and that in her fingers. Finally she held out her hand to him. "Then good-by, Captain Parsons. Thank you very much for the words, and good luck on your journey."

"Good-by, Miss Crane," he answered, holding her slender fingers in his big sailor's hand for a moment. "And good luck to you—until I come back," he added under his breath as he turned away.

She sang the new words as an encore to her next song, and even Mat's explosive hand-clapping was lost in the storm of applause that followed. Four, five, and six times they made her sing it, and at the seventh time most of the audience joined in. They were singing it in the streets late that night, and the next morning the chorus was floating across the wharves on South Street.

The song that went around the world was on its way, from the Battery to Hongkong, via the two capes, wherever Yankee ships sailed blue water in the days when the Stars and Stripes were afloat in every port on the Seven Seas.

Two days later the Breeze from the West went booming down the bay with a bone in her teeth, Liverpool bound, carrying with her that song, which men were singing in their hundreds as they stormed the Isthmus shipping offices in New York. But on her quarter-deck Captain Mat Parsons carried with him the memory of the singer of the song, the golden-haired girl at the Atlantic Gardens.

And a month or more later, when he returned and dipped his ensign at the Battery, there remained for him only that memory, for the singer was gone, and with her the sickly youth, and none knew the time or the place of their going. But the song remained, and the rush for California filled all men's minds.

So much so that at the conclusion of his next voyage they called Mat into the counting-room.

"California freights are around fifty dollars per forty cubic feet," they told him. "Those people out there in San Francisco are plumb crazy. Would you believe it, they're paying forty dollars a barrel for flour!"

"Guess they can afford to," said Mat.

"The Breeze from the West is a pretty sharp ship for a packet," they went on. "But at that rate, her freight will amount to about sixty thousand dollars, which is more than she cost ready for sea. It can't last, but while it does it's too good an adventure to miss. You will load at Pier 8 for San Francisco."

"Aye aye, sir. . . ."

"Perhaps you'll find some gold too, while you're there." They smiled at him.

"I dare say," Mat replied. "From all accounts, I'll be lucky to get out with

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the ship. They tell me the crews swim ashore when they get within smelling distance, and you have to empty the jail to get a gang for the return journey."

Gold, indeed! The gold in that singing girl's hair was the only gold Mat Parsons had a thought for.

Well, they made a pretty good passage of it, from Sandy Hook down to the Equator, from the Equator to 50° S. Atlantic. Then to the southward with skysail yards and studdingsail booms sent down for the fight around the Horn. Then to the northward from 50° S. Pacific up to the Equator again with all sails set—studdingsails, skysails, ringtails—and finally through the Golden Gate, one hundred and seventy-two days from New York.

And, as Mat had predicted, one-half of the crew went overboard when the low black sandy beach came in sight, and the other half followed when the Breeze from the West had dropped her anchor.

All around her were hundreds of ships similarly abandoned, while their crews sought the riches to be "gathered from the trees."

"Hell!" Mat observed to his mate. "This isn't a port, it's a graveyard!"

The mate spat reflectively over the side before replying.

"This here, now, San Francisco," he observed at length. "Looks more like a county fair than a town to me."

It did, too, with its shacks and its huts and its tents, and the clouds of dust swirling around in every direction.

"And how do we get out of this here, now, metropolis?" the mate inquired. "We've got nothing but the ship's cat left to man the ropes."

"We'll scrape the mountains clean, old girl, we'll drain the old jail dry," smiled Mat. "We'll sail from California. Susanna, don't you cry!"

"Sweet sailor's life!" sighed the mate. "And us a Black Baller!"

But they got the cargo ashore somehow or other—and no wonder, with the agents paying stevedores twenty-five dollars a day, and the goods sold at auction almost as fast as they were landed!—and Mat went ashore one evening to see what could be done about gathering in a crew.

"Better stand well out from shore, captain," the mate called to him, "or you'll be getting this, now, gold fever, and buying yourself a red shirt."

It may be that the mate's prediction might have been fulfilled, but as he turned the corner of the second warehouse shed Mat gasped like a man who has been shot and sat down very suddenly on a wooden pile. Then he stepped forward again very slowly with his hat in his hand.

"How do you do, miss," he said, even more awkwardly than the first time.

It was the golden-haired girl.

"What are *you* doing here in San Francisco?" he pressed her, before she had time to recover her breath. "I didn't think I'd ever see you again."

"It was the song," she told him, "'Oh, Susanna,' do you remember? We sang it so much, my brother and I, and watched them rushing off to the docks, until finally he caught the fever himself. I think he would have gone without me."

"You joined the rush, then? I looked for you at the Atlantic Gardens when I got back. . . ."

"Did you?" she smiled at him. "Yes, we joined the rush. We went by the Isthmus; it was a terrible trip! My brother nearly died there, in Panama. . . ." She passed her hand over her brow and sighed.

"And you've struck it here?" Mat asked.

"No," she replied. "We used up all our savings getting here. Our parents had died, you see, and I took to singing to make a little money. That's how we happened to come to New York. I—I had never done anything like that before. Then we came here. I knew it was foolish, but he would come."

"And you've had bad luck?"

"It was very hard—the life, the work—although people were very kind. My brother was very sick; we couldn't afford a doctor—he—he died three days ago. . . ."

"I—I'm terribly sorry, miss," Mat said, gently. "And it was all my fault for giving you those words. Perhaps he would never have come otherwise. What—what have you been doing since? . . ."

"We had a little dust left," she explained. "And I've helped do some washing and cooking. I thought perhaps I might sing somewhere—it would be in one of the saloons—I—oh, I'm *so* glad you've come, Captain Parsons!" And Mat got very red in the face, because he saw that she was going to cry.

"I'm happy to hear you say that miss," he said, rather breathlessly. "I'm a sailor, and perhaps I'm not saying it just right. But that night—that night in New York—I was hoping to find you again—and then I thought that I had lost you forever!"

"Oh, was it like that too with you?" she asked him, and Mat took her hands in his.

"Yes," he told her. "It was like that. They kept saying to me, when I came out here, perhaps I'd find gold, but I never dreamed what gold it would be! Will you come back with me now? I want to take you home, and take care of you all my life. . . ."

"Yes, Mat," she said, very softly, and laughed at his surprise that she should know his name. "Thank you. . . ."

"Of course I don't know how we'll get out of here," he exclaimed as they were plodding up the dusty street to find some one to marry them. "I've got no crew, and I've got no cook, and I've got no stores; but there's a ship and a mate and a cat, and there's *you*—and we'll sail from California, Susanna, don't you cry!"

"I'm not!" she informed him.

"You're not what?"

"I'm not crying! Oh, of course, you didn't know, did you? That's my name, Susanna."

"Oh, Susanna!" laughed Captain Mat Parsons, and stopped right in the middle of the street to kiss her.

HOW EUROPE TEACHES AMERICANISM

BY NATALIE DE BOGORY

THE polyglot blue-coated men who sit in judgment at Ellis Island's wickets to America are using these days a language seldom before heard around their battered desks—English. As the long lines of Czechs, Slovaks, Jews, and Italians file past, the inspector's face often lights up as he picks from the line some man or woman in whom he recognizes a difference. To them he speaks as an American. And at the sound of the language there will come an answering glance in the immigrant's eyes, a squaring of shoulders and lifting of chin, and the answers come back in English, too—broken, stumbling, half intelligible, but English. America has received few such immigrants before. Instead of being utter aliens, shuffling, fearful with the timidity of ignorance, seeking nothing more than prosperity, these people bear themselves like wanderers returning home—as they are. It is not a matter of dress, but one of bearing. These people, to the casual visitor, are simply immigrants, but the inspectors know at a glance that they had lived many years in America, had gone "home" to settle in the land of their fathers, but have now decided that, after all, America is "home" to them. Their trip to the "old country" has brought out the contrast between it and the new land, and they are returning to their adopted country with a sudden though often vague understanding of what America means and stands for. These returning thousands are ready now to become Americans.

Long ago, before the war, I used to fill out schedules for newly arrived immigrants in Greater New York that covered their entire lives, past and future. I talked to the Slavs in their own languages, and they often unburdened their clumsy minds in answer to my questions. In my efforts to get closer to their simple psychology, I lived

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with them, sharing their amazing food and their hard work. And I found that almost all came here merely to earn a better living—they had heard of the money that could be earned. In rare cases some girl would slip across to avoid a distasteful marriage, but these were rare.

But after arrival came disillusion. It was always the same story.

"There's plenty of money, but too much hard work"—one woman stated the idea of many. "In America it's all work, work, hard work. No time to spend the money and nowhere to spend it. I'm going back to the old country to spend my American money."

With very few exceptions, the immigrants agreed with this woman. America stood for money and comfort, but it was not "home." Many of the immigrant dwellings, though small and perched up four flights of stairs, were clean. The boarders, of whom every family had a plentiful supply, slept on folding cots that were neatly telescoped along the walls during the day. In the old country they would have slept on the floor. America did not relieve congestion, but she gave them beds. There was running water instead of the long walk to the village well. Many a Russian peasant told me with pride of his prosperity in America.

"I can eat meat every day. At home I had it once a year," one man explained to me.

But even the meat did not make an American of him, and he turned his eyes longingly towards Russia.

So, although almost all immigrants agreed in dislike of America, each dreamed of happiness back across the ocean. The Pole from the Kingdom of Poland dreamed of the downfall of the Czar, when he could return to his own; the Pole from Austria hoarded his money that he might pay the mortgage levied on his farm by the local Jewish money-lender—once that was paid, he would go back. The Italian only waited to accumulate enough money to appear among his old neighbors as a rich "American," buy some land, and settle down to comfort and prosperity.

All efforts at Americanization in those days came up against this solid wall of dreams.

Then came the Great War and peace. The oppressed of the world raised their heads with new hope. The Fourteen Points stood forth as the Bible of a new world. The dream was coming true.

Passages were booked in thousands for the return "home." There are no statistics to show the number of those who went away to settle. Steamship agents said that every available space was booked at least a year in advance, and a Congressional committee was told that five million would go. But, at any rate, for a time the outbound tide was greater than that coming in.

But not now.

Something happened in Europe to the half-made Americans. The dream did not materialize. These homesick enthusiasts found something lacking in the old country. They are not articulate enough to explain just what it was, but they found that "everything was wrong." So, after a stay of six months or a year, they swelled the horde moving to America, and each is bringing back with him some of the neighbors for whom he had longed.

At Ellis Island these returning people are conspicuous. They can be picked out, not by their clothing, but by their carriage; they hold their heads up and they look everybody straight in the face.

I have spent many hours mingling with the various immigrant groups and talking to them; I, too, soon learned to distinguish the returning ones from the "greenhorns."

"Why didn't you stay over there?" I asked of a young couple, both Slovaks, waiting to go to Pittsburgh.

Both were smartly dressed in cheap American clothes. The young woman had a gold filling in her teeth and smiled pleasantly when I spoke to her. Real immigrants seldom do that.

"No good—the old country," they answered in unison.

"America's the only good place," the man went on. "We'll stay here—never go back."

Their English was faulty and halting, though both had been here about eight years, but there was no doubt as to what they meant to say. The man was a miner, his wife had worked in a factory; they had been married for several years, and finally went back "home."

"Thought we'd stay over there," explained the man, "planned that. But four months was enough. We're back—to stay."

"What didn't you like?" I asked.

"Nothing good," was the best answer I could get.

After close questioning, however, I did discover that work there did not bring in a wage sufficient for life. That was one great disadvantage, but, beyond this one concrete handicap, they could not either of them tell me what was wrong.

"And we bring friends with us," volunteered the man, pointing to four men who were standing by with the typical lost look of the immigrant.

Another time I had a long talk with a very thin and gawky Czech woman. She wore a rusty black suit, her face was deeply lined, but her eyes were bright and intelligent. With her was her girl of fifteen, with bright-red cheeks. Both wore pink boudoir caps trimmed with masses of cheap lace. As I looked at the curious sight, it dawned on me that of all traveling headgear these were undoubtedly most convenient; they need never be taken off, they certainly protect the hair, and they look gay.

"You're coming back to America?" I asked. "Didn't you like it in the old country?"

"No," she shook her head until the frills flopped up and down; "no good. I bring here my daughter—make her

Ewing Galloway

"THESE PEOPLE AT LAST HAVE LEARNED THE MEANING OF AMERICA; THEIR DREAM-BARRIER WHICH KEPT THEM ALIENS IS GONE; THEY ARE CONVERTS TO AMERICANISM"

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American. And friends—same village. No good there."

The little girl smiled as though she understood, and there were the inevitable friends—five strong young women in voluminous skirts and kerchiefs on their heads.

This woman told me that she had returned alone, leaving her husband with several children in Scranton. They had been planning to come out upon hearing from her that the old home was ready. She had this half-grown daughter at "home," who had been brought up by the grandparents. Now she was on her way back, and all would remain here.

"Me stay old country six months—no good—America good." The frills bobbed.

So she took the daughter, five friends from among her neighbors, and returned.

"Don't you want to go back to stay there?" I asked.

"Never go—stay here—here good. Old country—no good," was her answer.

She changed to a more fluent Czech to tell me of her former dreams of going back to live out her life in free Czechoslovakia. And then this disappointment. Her dream now is of sending her girl to an American school, where she would soon learn English, and the entire family remain here. She, too, could not tell me just what was wrong. Everything was not as she had become used to; living was bad, nothing seemed to be right after her ten years in this country.

"After America—no good," she concluded in English.

She led her brood like a mother hen. There was no trouble about tickets, for she handled them; she bought the lunch boxes, and every time she moved the little girl in the boudoir cap and the five young women trailed behind her.

Then there was a sad Polish mother, whose little girl was ill in the hospital. She had lived in America seven years; her little girl was born here. She had gone back to settle. But in two months' time she was on her way back.

"Just stayed long enough to get money to come home," she laughed dully, as though the whole thing were a joke.

Her verdict was that nobody could live "over there."

And these are but a few of the dozens of people with whom I spoke. All said almost the same thing; all were impatiently waiting to reach their "homes," this time in America and not in Europe. The journey had changed the point of view.

But this intangible something which the foreign-born could not find in their old homes was revealed to me from another source. Just a few days ago a friend returned from a three months' trip to Europe. She had been born in Russia, but she had come to America when very small. She had built up a professional career here, but, as is the custom, Europe was her wonderland.

I spent an afternoon with her the day after her arrival. She still smelled of the sea.

"My dear," she said, as we talked over the lunch table, "I'll never criticise America again. It is the only country now. I've returned from my trip a patriot."

"What's wrong with Europe?" I asked, sensing that at last the answer would come.

"It's all wrong. The spirit is wrong, the people are wrong—the soul is out of them. I can't quite tell you, but I'm certain of one thing, we ought to be thankful that we are Americans."

The elegant apartment, the elegant woman before me—I caught a glimpse of the woman in the boudoir cap and the furrowed face and shabby suit.

From them there is a new leaven in our mass of aliens. These people at last have learned the meaning of America; their dream-barrier which kept them aliens is gone; they are converts to Americanism. They can and will speak to their fellows here as we cannot, in language that will be understood; they are giving us another chance, a new opportunity, for the making of Americans.

THE GREAT JEWISH CONSPIRACY

BY BARON S. A. KORFF, LL.D.

FORMERLY VICE-GOVERNOR OF FINLAND

ANTI-SEMITIC propaganda has greatly increased of late in the United States. Among other things, there has been assiduously spread a pamphlet entitled "The Protocols and World Revolution," said to be the minutes of meetings, somewhere in Switzerland, of "Zionist Men of Wisdom," and accompanied by detailed commentaries of a certain Serge Nilus.

To a casual reader this pamphlet might seem unspeakably stupid—a concoction devised by blooming idiots who want to play a bad joke on the credulous public. Unfortunately, closer examination reveals a deeper meaning of an insidious propaganda of hatred against Jews, based on falsehoods and misrepresentations of a most dangerous kind.

These Protocols are no new thing. They were made use of in the past for many years by Russian reactionaries and police officials. Their first appearance dates back to 1901, when the Czar's Government was busy stirring up among the Russian people feelings of hatred against the Jews, hoping to divert the nation's attention from the increasing social discontent. Many horrible pogroms were the awful consequence of this policy.

These documents reappeared later, at the time of the revolutionary troubles of 1905, with the evident purpose of putting the whole blame on the Jewish race. Finally, in 1919, these same Protocols, in some parts revised and rewritten in order to meet certain criticism and new conditions, were again circulated, first in Germany and later in England, by a group of Russian and German reactionaries clustering around the editorial offices of a small Russian paper, called the "Sunbeam," published in Berlin. During the autumn of 1920 these Protocols were reprinted in Boston and sent around to different people in the United States. In the former editions the editor or author, Serge Nilus, was called Chamberlain of the Czar, Professor and Marshal of Nobility; but, as it was easily proved that the lists of chamberlains, professors, and marshals never mentioned such a name, these alleged titles were dropped in the American edition. This man, seemingly, was a minor police official in Moscow, employed by the gendarmes of the Czar for the special purpose of disseminating anti-Semitic propaganda.

THE story told in the Protocols is a very old one, dating back several centuries and reviving ancient accusations against the Jews, who were said to be intending to conquer the world and avenge themselves on the Gentiles for the centuries of persecution. Similar stories were very popular in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the middle of the nineteenth century there also was a period of intense anti-Jewish propaganda in Germany, started in the year 1868 by a man called Hermann Goedsche.

A well-known English writer, Lucien Wolf, has exposed recently (in a letter to the London "Spectator" dated June 12, 1920) the striking similarities which exist between the arguments of Nilus and those of Goedsche, and which prove conclusively their common origin.

These documents have done immeasurable harm in Russia, as they were widely circulated in the Kolchak and Denikine armies and helped their ultimate disintegration. One of the most patent lies spread by the Protocols is the assertion that the Jews never repudiated or denied the statements contained therein, thus tacitly acknowledging their authenticity. Quite on the contrary, the Jews, individually and through their organizations, have repeatedly uncovered these falsehoods. There was published not long ago in the United States, for instance, a detailed protest, signed by a number of the most influential Jewish organiza-

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tions—namely, the American Jewish Committee, the Zionist Organization of America, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations, the United Synagogues of America, the Provisional Committee for an American Jewish Congress, the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, the Central Conference of American Rabbis, the Rabbinical Assembly of the Jewish Theological Seminary, and the United Orthodox Jewish Rabbis of America. They all solemnly assert that there never existed any secret organization called the "Zionist Men of Wisdom," which is supposed to have planned the conquest of the world through Bolshevik revolutions and wholesale murders of the Gentiles.

The English representative Jews have also published a forcible protest, signed by men like Rothschild, Magnus, Samuel, Cohen, Monash, and many others (see the London "Morning Post," April 23, 1919), confirming the same denial of the existence of such a conspiracy.

IT is alleged that the Protocols disclose the existence of a Jewish plot for the establishment of the domination of the world by the Jewish race. The Russian Bolshevik experiment, accomplished through the influence of this conspiracy, is said to be the first attempt of such a conquest. This implies, in other words, that the Russian Revolution is entirely led and controlled by Jews, which is another evident lie.

No one will deny that among the Bolshevik leaders there are many prominent Jews, Trotsky-Bronstein being the most conspicuous example. They are, however, in the minority and do not control the situation. Thus the Bolshevik Cabinet consists at the present moment of seventeen members, of whom Trotsky alone is a Jew; the others are all one hundred per cent Russians—among them Lenine; Chicherine, the Foreign Minister; Buharin; Rykof; Krassin, the famous London representative; Kalinin, President of the Central Soviet. Lenine, whose real name is the purely Russian Oolianof, belongs to a Russian squire family of the province of Simbirsk, his ancestors having been for generations in the Russian Provincial Government Service. Among the numerous Bolshevik commissars, or officials, the Jews are by no means in the majority; the Russians outnumber them everywhere. Besides, there are many officials belonging to other nationalities—Poles, Magyars, Letts, etc.

As a matter of fact, there even developed lately among certain Bolshevik elements a violent anti-Jewish feeling. This is the case, for instance, with the so-called Extraordinary Commission, which is at the head of the Bolshevik Secret Police. This Commission has unlimited powers for the prosecution of political crimes and is responsible for most of the Bolshevik reign of terror. It is directed by three men, none of whom is a Jew, one being a Pole (the most cruel Djerzinsky) and the two others being Letts. They lately professed to have discovered a Zionist plot at Moscow, directed against the Bolsheviki; in consequence seventy-five persons were arrested for their anti-Soviet activities and for their correspondence with the Western Powers and representatives of Kolchak and Denikine. Surely if the Bolsheviki were led exclusively by Jews, such happenings would have been absolutely impossible.

THOUGH the Secretary of War, Trotsky, is a Jew, his General Staff, consisting of twenty members, is composed exclusively of non-Jews. This is also the case with many Bolshevik Ministries, filled with Russian Gentile officials.

On the other hand, vastly more Russian Jews of the most representative type were and still are devotedly fighting Bolshevism and suffering all sorts and manners of persecutions. One can find them among the prominent leaders of all the anti-Bolshevik political parties. The Mensheviki and Socialist-Revolutionaries, who are among the bitterest enemies of Bolshevism, have very many Jews in their ranks; for example, Martof, Lieber, Dan, Chernof, Bunakof, Minor, Berkenheim, Zelheim, and many others.

One can judge of the way the falsehood about the Jewish leadership of Bolshevism is spread by the misstatements in the list given by Dr. Simons to the Senate Overman Committee, reprinted on page 79 of the Protocols and showing how little Simons understood the Russian revolutionary movement. Among the "most important Bolshevik leaders" he mentioned the names of Chernof, Dan, Parvus, and Lieber, three of them having been violently opposed to Bolshevism, and the fourth, Parvus, being simply a German agent in the employment of the Berlin Secret Police.

The Constitutional Democrats, usually called "Cadets," the prominent Russian liberal party, also count many Jews among their ranks; for instance, Vinaver (Chairman of their Central Committee), Sliosberg, Pasmanik, Kaminka, Landau, Friedman, Hessen, and many others. All of them persistently fought Bolshevism and underwent all sorts of hardships and certainly represent the Russian Jews much better than the few Bolshevik leaders of Jewish origin.

IF we could suppose for a moment that such a secret organization as the "Zionist Men of Wisdom" did exist, there arises the question, whom did it represent? Certainly not the Jewish race as such, because the best type of Jews, the most influential and prominent, have always unanimously denied the existence of the organization and vehemently repudiated its alleged aims, at great cost to themselves, too, as many of these Jews suffered personally from the Bolsheviki.

Bolshevism, as a Communistic theory, is very repugnant to the Jews, who value greatly the idea of personal property. The Communistic principle, denying private property, alone would suffice to estrange the Jews from the Bolshevik revolutionary movement.

Unfortunately, we know only too well at the present day that Bolshevism is a social process or disease, if one likes to call it so, that developed among the Russian people. It is genuinely Russian, and not in any way "created" from the outside by Jews or Germans. I say "unfortunately" on purpose; it would have been so much easier to fight Bolshevism if it were an artificially created disturbance. Some of the anti-Bolshevik movements would have succeeded long ago in putting Bolshevism down if the latter had been the handiwork of a few fanatical Jews.

THE Protocols charge that the Jews desire to dominate the world; they disclose even a whole "strategic plan for united action of the Jews as a nation or a people." If such an insane plan ever did exist, one must admit at present that it utterly failed. There never was any "united action" of the Jews, as most of their race and all of their organizations and best men have invariably repudiated even the mere thought of such an action. They all are unconditionally opposed to Bolshevism and to the Moscow Government, as I have already indicated. In no way did Bolshevism or the Russian Revolution succeed in establishing a "Jewish domination over the world." On the contrary, it helped to foster anti-Jewish feelings. "The national power of non-Jewish states" has not yet been broken down by the supposed "Zionist Men of Wisdom," but, on the contrary, has been greatly strengthened by the fight against Bolshevism. And it is a noteworthy fact that so many prominent Jews take an active part in this fight. The anonymity of the Protocols, as well as of all anti-Semitic propaganda, stands out in glaring contrast in this respect.

How could the domination of the world ever be achieved by anonymous writers or unknown organizations? If such Jewish organizations did really exist and did plan the conquest of the Gentile world, how could they continue to keep hiding behind the veil of anonymity? Would not they and their names have been known to the outside world? And what reason would the Bolsheviki, and Trotsky, their greatest cynic, have still to keep this extraordinary secret, especially if these Jewish conspirators are, as the Protocols assure us, so very confident of their ultimate victory? Numerous statesmen during these last decades foresaw and predicted social disturbances. This was not difficult, considering the many signs of coming troubles which were evident in different countries. And much is probably still to happen all over the world. The point would be, however, to prove that, when such crises came, the Jews created them. These proofs are never given, and for a very simple reason; they do not exist. The contemporary social troubles are due to much deeper social causes than alleged Jewish plots.

On the other hand, it cannot be

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denied that there is much dissatisfaction among the Jews of many countries; their race has suffered a great deal in the past; in some places, as in Poland and Russia, they have lived for generations in Ghettos, artificially segregated in "Jewish Pales," hated and persecuted by the Gentiles. The pogroms of eastern Europe are notorious. The Czar's Government has done a good deal to keep up a feeling of hatred against the Jews among the Russian people. All this sufficiently explains the fact that many Jews have a strong feeling of resentment against the Gentiles. Trotsky probably is the best example. It is quite likely that in his psychology there is a strong desire for vengeance. But how can this in any way prove that the Jews in general want to conquer the world? The Jews invariably are the first to suffer from the attempts at destruction of the existing social order; they always are the first ones to lose their property and to forfeit their estates.

FURTHER, the insinuation in the so-called Protocols that Bolshevism or Jewish domination has anything to do with Masonry or the thirty-third degree of initiation is another malicious lie. In former days the Church, especially the Catholic Church, laid many sins at the doors of Freemasonry. Similar accusations are now brought forward in the case of Bolshevism. Freemasonry never had anything to do with Bolshevism, which is not a political action, but a deep-seated social process. We have no proofs whatever of Masonic organizations taking part in the Bolshevik upheaval. Freemasonry is a very conservative force, and counts among its ranks most prominent citizens, Kings and Prime Ministers of England, and fifteen Presidents of the United States, Washington included. Is it plausible to suppose that all these prominent Masons never knew of the Jewish Zionist plans to conquer the world in conjunction with their organization? Or were they possibly fooled by clever Jewish leaders? This is surely asking too much of the credulous public!

The whole story of the Protocols would really be a huge joke if its implications were not so tragic and its consequences so dangerous to the Gentiles themselves. There is nothing worse than arousing feelings of hatred. Every honest and patriotic citizen must in every possible way endeavor to combat this insidious anti-Semitic propaganda.

ONE single thought in the Protocols, however, deserves attention and comment, namely, "that it is vitally necessary that the American Jews should by word and deed express their condemnation not only of Bolshevism, but of any plan or programme for world domination" (page 149). The need of such a protest is evident and pressing; it would help immensely the fight against this social scourge. The Jews have protested already many times, but must persevere in their efforts to combat Bolshevism in every possible way.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE FLYING AGE

AN ANALYSIS OF RECENT PROGRESS IN AVIATION

BY LADISLAS D'ORCY

IS the flying-machine of to-day a comparatively final type which requires, like the automobile of ten years ago, only detail refinements to become generally adopted for public and private uses, or is it merely a stepping-stone toward a fundamentally different kind of aircraft yet to be invented? Is aeronautical engineering developing along lines leading to a clearly visualized goal, or is it merely "marking time" in an endeavor to overcome seemingly insuperable obstacles? Briefly, are we on the threshold of the flying age?

The uninitiate in aeronautics often asks these questions. Ten or twelve years ago a definite reply would have been rather hazardous, for considerable doubt existed then as to whether the airplane might not ultimately be supplanted by the helicopter or by the ornithopter. To-day this doubt is practically dispelled. The best-informed opinion in the aeronautical world is now agreed that the airplane has not only reached a state of comparative finality, but also that it is likely to remain the principal, if not the only, type of practical flying-machine. At the same time it is admitted that the helicopter or direct-lift machine has distinct, though limited, possibilities as an improved substitute for the kite balloon.

ORNITHOPTERS NOT PRACTICAL

No such prospect is, however, held out for the ornithopter or wing-flapping machine, which, it should be realized, offers a fundamentally unmechanical solution of the problem of flight. In the animal world propulsion is essentially alternative motion; but man-made vehicles all are propelled by rotary motion. The legs of a horse, the fins of a whale, the wings of an eagle, all move alternately—that is, to and fro; the wheels of an automobile, the propeller of a steamship, the airscrew of a flying-machine, all turn round an axis. The main reason for this dissimilarity is that rotary motion affords a much more efficient system of propulsion than would a mechanical reproduction of the alternating propellers of the animal world. In the ornithopter the problem is further complicated by the fact that the wings of most birds do not merely move up and down; in fact, they describe with their tips something approaching a helical path. This it would be extremely difficult to reproduce mechanically, and the mechanism would be so delicate as to be of doubtful practical value.

In contrast, the airplane represents a singularly simple and mechanical solution. The wings are rigidly fixed to the fuselage and the only moving parts are the control surfaces and the airscrew. With the aid of these the airman can impart to his machine a degree of flexibility which, though somewhat short of that possessed by birds, is fully adequate for safe flying.

ADVANTAGES OF THE HELICOPTER

The only thing an airplane cannot do is to rise from the ground without a preliminary run. While this is not a very serious drawback, there may occur conditions, particularly in warfare, where such a performance would be valuable.

The helicopter offers to solve this problem by rising from a standstill under the impulsion of large lifting screws rotating in a horizontal plane. That such a machine can rise by direct lift has been experimentally proved, but that it also can effect horizontal flight and make a safe landing in case of engine failure has yet to be demonstrated.

The problem is briefly the following: In an airplane, when the engine stops the wings enable the pilot to glide down to a landing, for in gliding flight gravity takes the place of the forward pull which the propeller supplies in power flight. But in the helicopter both sustentation and propulsion are dependent on the rotation of the propellers. What assurance is there, then, of a safe descent with a disabled engine?

The answer is that the blades of lifting screws may be considered as so many wing surfaces which act under the influence of air resistance exactly as the wings of an airplane. Only, the latter are fixed with respect to the airplane, while the blades of the lifting screw rotate around an axis. If now, in case of engine failure, we permit the lifting screws to rotate freely under the action of the upward air stream the helicopter encounters in its fall, sustentation is created, whereby the rate of descent can be slowed down sufficiently to insure a safe landing.

To glide down at an angle with the horizon, instead of descending verti-

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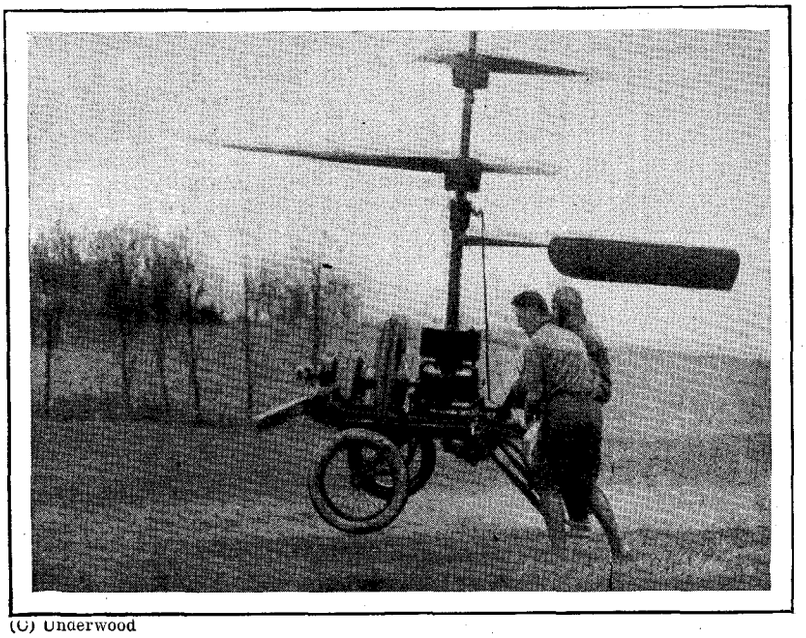


(C) Underwood

THE BERLINER HELICOPTER UNDERGOING TRIALS NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.

The two lifting screws, of 13 feet diameter, are driven by an 80 horse-power rotary engine and have a lifting power of 900 pounds. The weight of the machine is 620 pounds

cally—which may not be feasible on account of obstacles on the ground—the helicopter requires horizontal control. This may be effected by controlling the inclination of the propellers in combination with elevators such as are used on airplanes. The pilot will then be able to alter the trim of his machine at will and assume the angle of descent required for a safe landing or for horizontal flight.

Experiments with helicopters, though not sufficiently conclusive to disclose their practical merits and drawbacks, appear promising enough to warrant hope for a speedy solution of this question. In the meantime the airplane remains the only practical flying-machine of this day. It is, then, timely to inquire how far this vehicle has progressed on the road of safety and reliability—features that most interest the layman.

SAFETY IN AIRPLANE FLIGHT

That much-discussed topic, safety in flight, depends chiefly on the reliability of the power plant, protection against fire, and ability to land in restricted places and at a low rate of speed.

While the developments made during the late war advanced aeronautical engineering in a marked degree, they did not fully solve the above-named problems. The importance of getting results in the shortest possible time precluded the evolution of the airplane on the basis of extended scientific investigation. With peace returned, such an opportunistic policy is no longer necessary, and as a result some remarkable strides are now being made in an endeavor to eliminate the remaining shortcomings of the flying-machine.

The aero engines produced during the Great War, developing high power for an extremely low weight (two pounds per horse-power for the Liberty engine), do so at the cost of reliability. Such a sacrifice is not, however, justified in commercial aviation, where reliability must be the main slogan. Commercial aero engines may have a greater dead-weight than the war types if this goes hand in hand with a more dependable operation and with lower fuel consumption. Such an engine is not only cheaper in production costs, but also cheaper in upkeep, because less specialized materials can be used in its construction. By running such an engine at from eighty to ninety per cent of its maximum power a reliability comparable to that of an automobile or a locomotive could be attained and the life of the power plant would be materially increased.

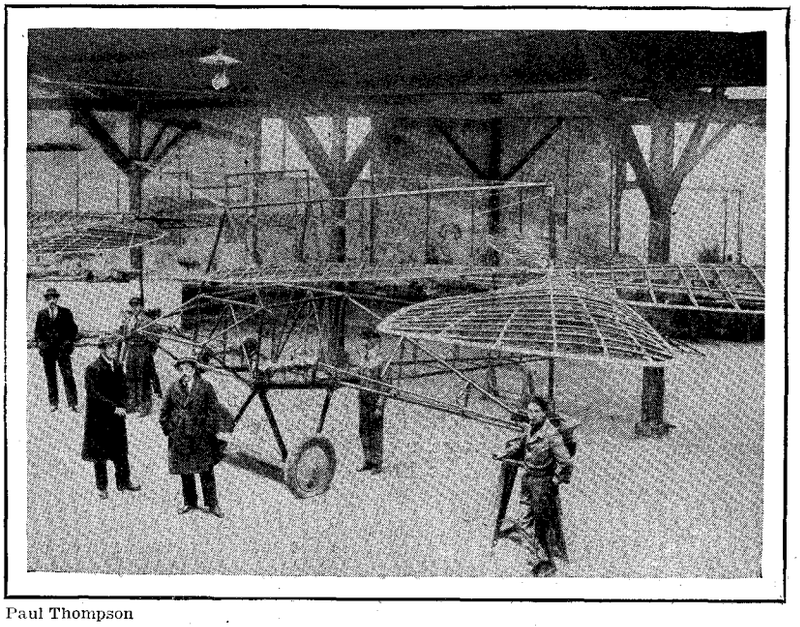
Present-day aero engines can be operated for some two hundred hours without overhauling, which at 100 miles per hour represent 20,000 flight miles. As to the life of such engines, many of them have functioned satisfactorily for several thousand hours, the corresponding flight mileage running into six figures. This, it will be admitted, is not a bad showing in comparison with automobile performance.

A WEAK POINT OF THE AERO ENGINE

Probably the weakest point of the aero engine is in its connections—the pipes and joints leading to fuel and oil tanks and to the radiator. Rigid pipes are unsatisfactory as a rule, because the vibration of the engine gradually weakens them until some day they break. The use of flexible connections is therefore preferred, although some fuels eventually dissolve the gasoline-proof lining of these pipes.

The question of secure connections has a very important bearing on the safety of flying, for the gasoline escaping from a broken joint or pipe is likely to be ignited by the backfire of the engine. This is what happened to the luckless imported mail airplane that burned up in mid-air last summer. It merely served to emphasize the fact that even an all-metal machine is not safe against the fire risk so long as we employ a highly inflammable fuel—gasoline—for its propulsion. Hence the development of heavier fuels is a vital question in aviation, the more so as the sources of gasoline supply are becoming gradually exhausted. For the latter reason synthetic fuels—mixtures of gasoline, alcohol, and benzol—have recently been developed and successfully used in aero engines.

Until less inflammable fuels become available special safeguards have to be provided on flying-machines against the



Paul Thompson

THE DAMBLANC-LACOIN HELICOPTER, A FRENCH MACHINE WHICH COMBINES SOME OF THE FEATURES OF THE AIRPLANE WITH THOSE OF THE HELICOPTER

The two engines which are to drive the lifting screws are missing in this picture

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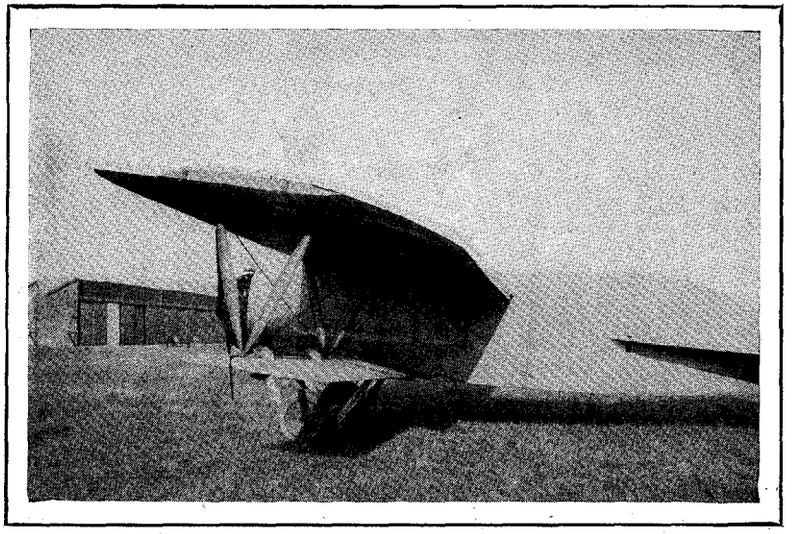

Courtesy "Aviation"

THE GASTAMBIDE-LEVAVASSEUR VARIABLE SURFACE AIRPLANE, WHICH WAS RECENTLY PUT THROUGH SUCCESSFUL TRIALS IN FRANCE

The chord (width) of the wings can be increased by the pilot by means of thin sliding panels from 5¼ feet to 10¾ feet. The machine is here shown with the panels extended

fire risk. Fire-proof bulkheads placed between the engine and the cockpit or the cabin, gasoline tanks capable of being dropped from the machine or emptied in case of fire, all answer this purpose, and so does the fire-proofing of the entire machine by means of special compounds or "dopes."

THE VALUE OF PARACHUTES

The subject of fire hazard raises the question as to the utility of the parachute. Parachutes have been experimented with successfully and extensively. The only puzzling point about them is that in cases where they would prove most valuable—that is, when the airplane is hopelessly out of control—the nearness of the ground makes it almost impossible for the parachute to function properly. On the other hand, there being always the possibility of righting an airplane at greater heights, it is probable that passengers and crew would stick to the airplane to the last rather than take to the parachute. Interesting experiments have, however, been made with parachutes intended to function near the ground by pulling the occupant clear of the machine, the parachute being shot into the air by an explosive charge.

Where the parachute promises to be really of value, however, is in case of fire in mid-air, provided the equipment is fire-proofed. For this reason alone it seems likely that in the future the equipping of aircraft with parachutes will be made compulsory, just as life-savers are on ships.

ABILITY TO LAND IN RESTRICTED PLACES

The third requirement for safe flying is the ability to land in restricted places, which means landing at a slow speed and coming to a short stop.

The war airplanes have, as a rule, too high a landing speed—about fifty miles per hour—to be satisfactory for commercial uses. Some commercial machines built since the armistice are much more satisfactory in this respect, a landing speed of from thirty-five to forty miles per hour having been attained by several types, while one particular machine actually lands at fifteen miles per hour. The last is a small airplane, it is true, but the mere fact that such a machine exists is a hopeful sign for future improvements.

Progress in this direction may be expected from some recent experiments with wings of variable surface and variable camber (curvature), the initial trials of which have been successful. By these means, combined perhaps with reversible propellers, the airplane of tomorrow will be able to land at a very low speed, to come to a stop after rolling ten or twenty yards, and to rise rapidly from the ground after a very short run. Restricted landing-places will then have lost their terror for the users of the air.

For large airplanes four-wheel landing gears will probably become current to prevent nosing over in soft ground, and the use of band brakes on the rear wheels will contribute to bringing the machine to a short stop. The substitution of the rubber strands now used as shock-absorbers by a more mechanical device—steel springs, oleo-pneumatic shock-absorbers, etc.—also appears as a necessity in view of increasing the life of the equipment.

COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE

Such are the principal points involving the safety of flying. But if safety is the main requirement of commercial aviation, comfort is a hardly less important factor in its success.

Great strides have been made in this line by building airplanes with inclosed cabins, where the passengers sit in comfortable armchairs and look upon the ground through curtained windows, being fully protected against the blast produced by the airscrew. Provisions for heating the cabin in the winter and insuring efficient ventilation are not so common and still require much thought. The least progress has been made in suppressing the roar of the engine and its vibrations. Unless an efficient silencer is invented, it seems likely that special noise-proof cabins will come into being in which the passengers will be able to converse freely without the use of a telephone attachment.

Though a matter of convenience rather than of comfort, self-starters are becoming quite common on aero engines. Their generalization will eliminate the source of many accidents which have happened to aviation mechanics in "swinging the prop," and their use should be made compulsory on all flying-machines.

STRIVING FOR IMPROVED PERFORMANCE

While no radical changes in the appearance of airplanes are likely for some time to come, the monoplane again seems to come to the fore, at least for machines up to a certain size. This is mainly due to the introduction of very thick wings, which permit internal trussing, or cantilever construction, and thus solve the long-standing problem of how to brace monoplane wings securely without using a maze of wires and struts.

As a monoplane is, for the same wing area, more efficient than a biplane or a triplane because of the lack of interference between the wings, and the cantilever construction permits the suppression of resistance-producing truss elements, the thick-wing monoplane marks an important step in improving performance.

Whether the advent of this type will bring about the rapid generalization of metal in airplane construction is a debatable point. Until the airplane has reached a greater degree of finality in design it will be cheaper to build it of wood than of metal, despite the greater durability of the latter. If an airplane becomes obsolete in two or three years because its performance is no longer up to current standards, it would be foolish to make it so durable that it will be airworthy for ten years. Furthermore, in small machines metal construction is heavier than wood construction and repairs are more expensive and difficult because they require special machinery. "Crashes" also damage a metal airplane more severely, for metal has not the resiliency of wood, and severe shocks, transmitted through the entire framework, are likely to terminate the usefulness of a metal wing when a wooden wing may only be locally injured.

Therefore, for the time being, composite types of construction—using, for instance, steel wing spars and longerons with built-up veneer wings—seem most promising.

Resuming, it may be said that the present-day airplane is, despite some

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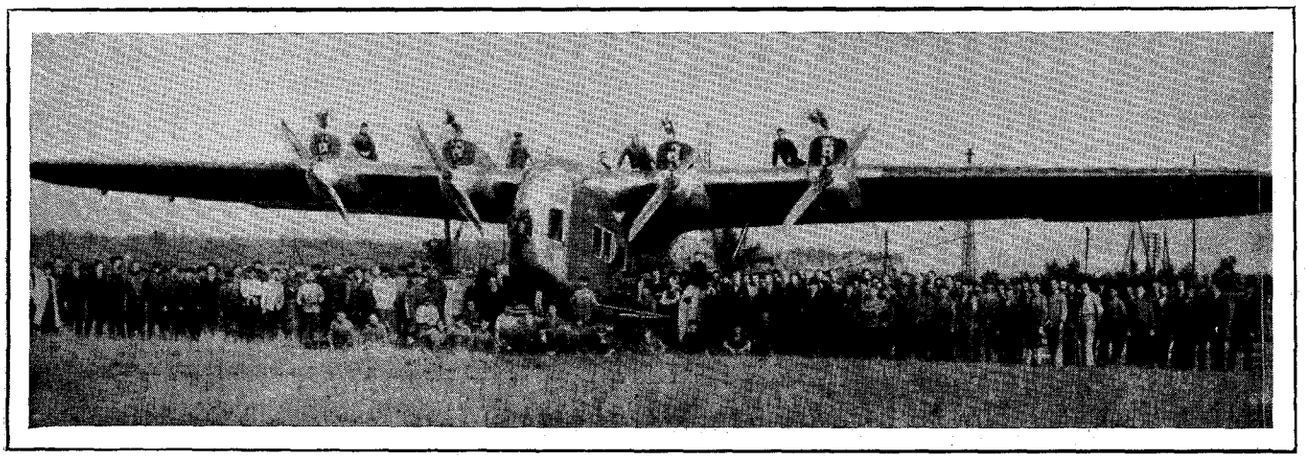

International

THE ZEPPELIN GIANT MONOPLANE, WHICH IS NOTEWORTHY FOR THE MOUNTING OF THE ENGINES IN THE WINGS

The great thickness of the wings may be gathered from the size of the men lying on them. The machine is built of steel and of duralumin. This plane is still in an experimental stage, as shown by the fact that the landing gear gave way when used at the end of its test flight

minor shortcomings, fully capable of taking care of the demand for extra-rapid transportation of passengers, mails, and express packages. In appearance the single-engine tractor airplane is now probably the nearest to finality, with the monoplane likely to supplant the biplane.

The status of the multi-motored airplane is not quite so certain. The present practice of mounting two engines outboard between the wings seems only a temporary expedient and one which is open to serious criticism. If one of the engines fails, the missing pull of the idle propeller will tend to put the airplane into a spin, unless the pilot acts swiftly on the controls. The ideal solution would probably be to have twin propellers driven through gear shafts by two engines located in a central engine-room, with a third engine kept idle for emergencies. Should the main power plant fail, the emergency engine would be meshed in with the propeller gear box and the airplane would continue its flight at a reduced speed until the main power plant is repaired. This solution would demand the use of variable surface wings, for these would be extended when the less powerful emergency engine has to drive the propellers, and be retracted in normal flight.

That the large passenger carriers of the future will embody some such arrangement seems a foregone conclusion, for only a multiple power plant affords absolute insurance against forced landings, and the twin-engine airplane of to-day cannot fly with its full load on a horizontal path. It may stretch its glide for many miles; ultimately it must land.

The development of an improved multi-motored airplane offers, therefore, to aeronautical engineers a particularly large field for manifesting their talent.

FLOWER-MARKET, COPENHAGEN

BY ROBERT HILLYER

IN the gray November haze
Gold and scarlet flowers shine
Like a moveless line
Of torches all ablaze.
Down the long row
Behind the flowers, glow
The faces of old women, framed
In shawls as gay as any garden.
Blatant youth is shamed
Where age is so serenely young;
These faces never harden,
These smiles have never learned deceit;
The years go by on stealthy feet,
And never trample souls among
The quiet byways of a garden.
They smile at me, hold up their prize
Bouquets to catch my wandering eyes;
"Good-day, good-day; it's going to rain!"
I nod, and swing my cane.
Chrysanthemum and holly bough,
Late daisy, fern, and pale carnation—
I can't commit myself just now!
St. Anthony's supreme temptation,
Had the tempter known his powers,
Would have been a flower-stall;
Dear ladies, I'm in love with all
Of you, and all your flowers!

This old woman brought to town
Her good cat Hilda, to assist;
They talk, she looking kindly down
On the gray whiskers rimed with mist
And great gold eyes, while Hilda's purrs
Denote what happiness is hers.
Flower-cat and woman, who
Could decently resist the two?
How much for these red dahlias here?
Two kroner? "Yes, they're cheap this
year;—
Ah, thank you!" She adjusts her shawl
To shelter Hilda from the showers.
Down the shining line I go;
Flowers and faces in a row
Through the drizzle smile and glow;
Dear ladies, I'm in love with all
Of you, and all your flowers!

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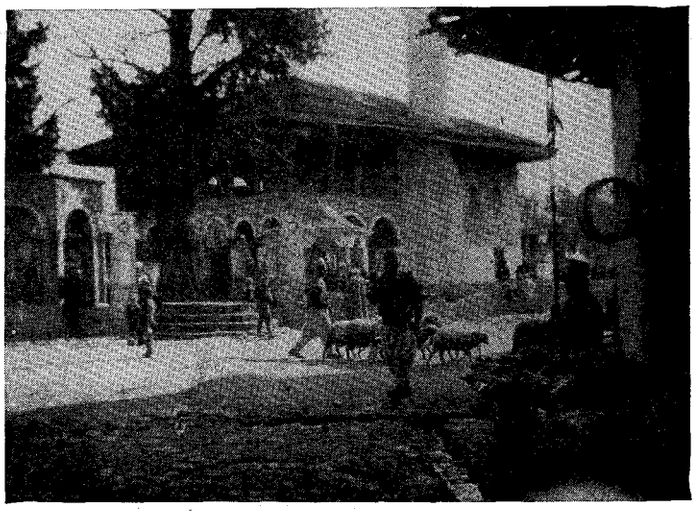
SNAP-SHOTS OF ALBANIA'S CAPITAL, TIRANA

TAKEN BY A MEMBER OF THE RED CROSS UNIT



A CORNER OF THE MAIN SQUARE SHOWING ONE OF THE MANY MOSQUES

CHARACTERISTIC ALBANIAN ARCHITECTURE—THE COURTYARD OF AN OLD RESIDENCE WHICH IS NOW USED AS A HOME FOR ORPHANS

CLOSING A BARGAIN IN THE SHEEP MARKET—THE MEN SHAKING HANDS ARE THE OLD AND NEW OWNERS OF THE LAMBS

From Ruth Fuller Stevens, Elyria, Ohio

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE WARDENS OF CIVILIZATION

BY CALVIN COOLIDGE
VICE-PRESIDENT ELECT

THE first and foremost duty of any government is the preservation of order. This was known of old as the keeping of the king's peace, and it is possible to mark the beginnings of national development by the rule of the strong hand of a king who had sufficient power to overcome all interference with the authority of his government.

The maintenance of order under our present system is very largely in the hands of the organized police forces. The work they do becomes more and more complicated and is ever increasing in importance. They embody the authority of the law and stand as the wardens of civilization. Their importance has not been sufficiently appreciated and their functions have been too little understood.

It is extremely fortunate at the present time, when there is unrest and all too much of an attempt to break down authority and the rule of law, that a very good discussion of the American police systems should be written by so keen a student of the subject as Raymond B. Fosdick.[1]

In the beginning of his book he points out the disproportionate number of crimes committed in America as compared with those committed in Europe. He suggests that this may be due to the bringing together here of so many different races. This might account for some of the prevalence of crime, but his statistics, which he says are very incomplete, would not seem to indicate that one race was bent on committing crimes against some other race. It is also very difficult to understand why the British, the Germans, the French, the Italians, the Russians, and other European races should be law-abiding in their own country and begin to be criminal when they are transplanted to America. Outside of the colored population, we have the same blood here that exists in Europe, and the reason for the greater prevalence of crime must lie in the difference between the characteristics of the immigrant and the pioneer and the satisfied population which remains at home. It would seem more reasonable to suppose that more crime exists in America because it is still a new civilization which has attracted to itself the restless and adventurous spirits and the dissatisfied from the older countries.

Mr. Fosdick points out what he believes to be the superiority of the police forces of European cities, although he does not undertake to claim that that superiority is the sole cause for the better enforcement of the law. He says very frankly that the police of London, Paris, or Rome, who are so successful in their own cities, would fail to function if they were confronted with the problems of New York and Chicago.

His book does show with a good deal of clearness that "we condone violence and shirk its punishment. We lack a high instinct for order. We lack a sense of the dignity of obedience to restraint which is demanded for the common good. We lack a certain respect for our own security and the terms on which civilized communities keep the peace."

It is suggested that one of our difficulties is the delay in our legal procedure. This is often contrasted with European procedure. It is a necessary resultant of our principles of government. We believe in the sovereignty of the individual. Under our theory of government the trial of the defendant is analogous to the impeachment of a sovereign. It is a necessary consequence that every safeguard should be placed around his liberty. The European trial represents the sovereign proceeding against the subject, in which case the presumptions are almost entirely reversed and the verdict may be secured expeditiously. Our method has its disadvantages, which a richer experience may eliminate.

It is very correctly pointed out that the reform in this respect will have to come through a change of public opinion rather than by an action of legislative authority. Speaking of the law, Mr. Fosdick says, "The test of its validity is the strength of the social reaction which supports it," and he quotes Elihu Root in saying, "The true liberty of law is to be found in its development in the life of the people. The enforcement upon the people of law which has its origin only in the mind of the lawmaker has the essence of tyranny and its imposition is the mandate of a conqueror."

There is a very interesting study of the historical development of our police force from the days of the ununiformed night watchmen up to the present intricate organization. Our American system has gone through a political evolution, beginning under the spoils system, when police were appointed for political reasons and used their office for political purposes. There has been a long list of scandals arising out of a misuse of the powers of the police to secure political action. The great struggle in the development of an adequate organization for the enforcement of the law in American cities has been to separate the police force from politics. This has been almost impossible even under the best Civil Service reform laws.

Americans are lacking in traditional forms and policies of administration. In very many of these activities we are amateurs. There is a certain strength arising from this fact, because it has released us from the hampering effects of ancient forms and produced independence and originality. We do not have a trained class of public administrators, because our form of government does not insure continuity of service. Police heads are in the habit of changing with each incoming administration. We need a larger realization that the preservation of order and the prevention and detection of crime is a science no less than the profession of law or medicine. Our police constitute our peace army. If they are to be effective, they must be under the direction and command of trained administrators.

It is this political and scientific consideration that has led some States to place over the police of large cities a commissioner appointed by the Governor, substituting for city control State control. The object has been to take the maintenance of the public safety out of local politics and place it where the responsibility might be impartially discharged.

It is an axiom of political science that if a representative is desired he should be chosen by popular vote; if professional skill is wanted, it can best be secured by appointment. Much progress has been made by giving up the election of commissioners of police and leaving them to be secured by appointment. Mr. Fosdick is a distinct believer in continuity of administration as the best guaranty of effectiveness. He believes in appointing police commissioners for a long tenure of office. The European method of appointment for an indefinite period meets with his approbation.

There have been recent contests for the control of the police, which are treated in his chapter on "Rank and File." He points out very clearly that complete control over all police action should be in the hands of the public authorities. Members of the force should have no private interests and should serve no selfish ends. For this reason it is improper to have them affiliated as policemen with outside organizations. The members of the force are perfectly justified in having and do have organizations among themselves for the purpose of promoting their own welfare. They cannot, however, be permitted to join any outside organization that would in any way interfere with

[1] American Police Systems. By Raymond B. Fosdick. Publication of the Bureau of Social Hygiene. The Century Company, New York.

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their complete allegiance to the execution of the law or create in the public mind the feeling that they were no longer impartial in the performance of their duties. They are not engaged in a commercial enterprise. They are paid by the public, which has no motive for failing to provide for their welfare in order that it may make more money, and Mr. Fosdick very pertinently suggests that, if one class in the community is entitled to special consideration from the police, every other class would proceed to organize vigilance committees and forces of their own, which would immediately result in conflict and the destruction of all order.

This singleness of purpose which is entertained by the police puts a clearer responsibility on the public for their adequate compensation and reasonable conditions of employment. Not only that, but Mr. Fosdick points out that oftentimes the police have been used unreasonably to interfere with the conduct of striking employees. "Lawful picketing has been broken up, peaceful meetings of strikers have been brutally dispersed, their publicity has been suppressed, and infractions of ordinances which would have gone unnoticed had the violators been engaged in another cause have been ruthlessly punished."

The true method of procedure under these circumstances, as under all others, is an impartial enforcement of law. There is nothing so destructive of our liberties as a misuse of police power. No people will submit to it for long, least of all Americans. The worst thing that could happen would be to have the conviction abroad that police, courts, and the government were more concerned with the protection of property than with the protection of the personal rights of the individual. Under a wise and judicious leadership, a well-trained and properly compensated police force, this danger would not arise. Under a police force which is the sport of political conditions it is likely to arise at any time.

It is coming to be recognized that a police department should be used not merely to enforce the law but to discover and remove causes of crime. Every student of social questions knows that there are breeding-places of crime in any large community. These are places frequented by those who live criminal lives. When such districts are cleaned up, a diminution of lawbreaking has always followed.

Mr. Fosdick suggests that the police may be of great help to released criminals, to the poor and the unfortunate. He believes that it is very important that the policeman should secure and retain the confidence of the young boys of the neighborhood and be constantly on watch to protect the individual and society against all criminal tendencies.

This is a book that was written for the purpose of pointing out some of the imperfections in our system and suggesting some remedies. It will be helpful in that direction. That the great body of American policemen are honest, patriotic, and efficient cannot be questioned. That they lack oftentimes skilled direction and skilled training this book makes perfectly plain. Progress has been made in this direction and more progress is needed. The great remedy for administrative evils is the stimulation of public interest. If the public could comprehend that the policeman is their agent and could look on him as the representative of you and me in the performance of his functions, as the great friend and protector of society, as entitled to public confidence and respect in the discharge of his functions, the result would be the creation of a public sentiment which would enforce the maintenance of a more perfect police system. This is not too much to hope for. Public opinion is of slow development and slow to act, but when once set in motion it proceeds with a completeness which is overpowering.

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SCIENCE

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HELPS ON THE POPULAR GAME AUCTION BRIDGE. By Lucy Blackburn. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati.

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LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ON LOVE AND HEALTH. By Walter M. Gallichan. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

RACHEL COMFORTED. Conversations of a Mother in the Dark with Her Child in the Light. By Mrs. Fred Maturin. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

MR. BARNUM'S HANDWRITING STARTS AN INVESTIGATION

ON receiving my copy of The Outlook to-day I at once read with interest the facsimile letter from Mr. Barnum to Dr. Abbott on the cover. I read the closing portion as "a really *novel* and interesting Exhibition," etc.

On turning later to Dr. Abbott's article, I was puzzled to see the letter in type with this passage rendered as "a really *sound* and interesting Exhibition."

After examining again the reproduction on the cover I am convinced that "novel" is the word really used.

I wonder how many other readers will notice this and write to you about it! JAMES M. PICKENS.

Washington, D. C.

A DEFENSE OF GEORGIA TECH'S ATHLETES

BY GEORGIA TECH'S PRESIDENT

I WISH to express my very great dissatisfaction with a discrediting article in a recent number of The Outlook concerning Georgia Tech's football team. You stated, in substance, that, while the team made an exceptional record from an athletic standpoint, said record was marred by the rough playing of the team, and also the disputed eligibility of some of our players. Permit me to say as regards the first charge that it was made by persons interested in the contesting team, which had made a somewhat spectacular reputation. The qualified and approved officials of the game in question published denials of the rough playing charged, and I am sure that ninety-nine per cent, including myself, of the immense audience which saw the game know that the charge of rough playing was unjust and unfounded.

Concerning the second charge, the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association at its recent meeting in Jacksonville thoroughly investigated the question of the eligibility of two of our players which had been made by the Pittsburgh team, and the unanimous verdict of the S. I. A. A. was that the men were eligible and that Tech was authorized to play them.

Your magazine has a wide and influential influence. Does it not seem a matter of simple justice that before stigmatizing the college you should have made the necessary investigation concerning the charges made against it? Frankly, in this matter, I do not think you have lived up to your reputation for fair and just dealing.

K. G. MATHESON.

President's Office
Georgia School of Technology,
Atlanta, Georgia.

[The Outlook's editorial to which President Matheson refers contained the following sentence: "In the South the Georgia School of Technology scored a remarkable series of victories although its record has been marred by the protests against the eligibility of some of its players and their conduct during the game." This statement was based on apparently well-authenticated newspaper despatches which were widely circulated in the daily press. Undoubtedly, President Matheson is right in taking us to task for our failure to secure direct corroboration. His present criticism is the first letter of protest which we have received concerning our editorial. We publish it at our earliest opportunity.

It is rather characteristic of American journalism that the widespread charges against Georgia Tech were fully reported, while we have seen no published accounts covering the statements of the officials or the S. I. A. A. to which our correspondent refers. A denial is, unfortunately, generally regarded as of less journalistic value than a charge.—THE EDITORS.]

Said Polonius:

"Brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes."

Polonius was a "foolish prating knave."

Said Falstaff:

"I will imitate the honorable Romans in brevity."

Falstaff was an "Epicurean rascal."

COAL AND COMMON ENGLISH

IT comes pretty hard on some of us old ladies who are trying to live on fixed incomes, and the only way we survive at all is annually to deprive ourselves of something we need or like, such as The Outlook, for instance; but, in spite of that, we see our incomes decreasing each year.

I can't find words to express my indignation in regard to the coal situation! Will you please do it for me in the columns of The Outlook? Here are a few facts: For years our coal has been mixed with slate and other stuff that is *not coal*, consequently the fire will not last long and has to be rebuilt often, making still further expense for kindling-wood. While the war lasted I did not murmur but patiently sorted out all sorts of stuff that was not real coal. But, alas! the same situation continues, and nearly every night I have to get out of my warm bed in the "wee sma' hours" to replenish the kitchen fire, otherwise there would be no fire at all around six or seven o'clock. Do you call that a pleasant task for a woman who is over threescore and ten, and alone? Think of it, please.

To sell coal that is not real coal seems to me obtaining money under false pretenses, and I cannot see why the "private interests" who have the matter under control cannot be arrested, the same as any criminal who obtains money under false pretenses.

I am paying $20 per ton for coal; our local dealers are not to blame, they have to take what is sent them, slate and all. Do you wonder now that I cannot take The Outlook.

No doubt all over this country there are many situated as the writer, so I'll be spokesman for the silent ones. I am beginning to understand why men swear sometimes! It is because common English is not *forcible* enough. I've refrained so far, but may come to it yet. OLD SUBSCRIBER.

FROM A "REGULAR LOOKER"

YOUR article under the Financial Department heading published in the January 12, 1921, issue of The Outlook, entitled "Functions of a Trust Company," contains excellent advice to its readers, but in a great measure it is unjust to our State banks.

In a State bank a trust department may be established under authority of the Legislature of the State of New York, and under direct supervision of the State Banking Department. Under this provision the bank is required to deposit ten per cent of its capital with the State as a guaranty of safety. This gives our State banks the same powers and functions as those covered by this article, with the further safeguard of a guaranty fund deposited with the State Department.

In fairness to our banks, I think this explanation should be given as prominent mention in your valued journal as the article already published.

A Regular Looker for the Outlook,
W. B. INGLEE.

Bank of the Manhattan Company,
Jamaica, New York City.

WHY QUARREL WITH THE MOVIES?

A FEW people, no doubt, will feel that Mr. Pulsifer in his incisive criticism of the movies has courageously voiced their private but unavowed opinions. I share his displeasure in the ubiquitous celluloid stream which incessantly threatens to submerge us, but I question his premises. Mr. Pulsifer, if I read him rightly, believes that the movies are a record of the failure of an

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art. I am quite willing to concede that if the movies were an art they would indeed be the "world's worst failure." But they are not an art.

Some years ago there appeared in New York, and doubtless elsewhere throughout the United States, a faultlessly dressed and well-behaved chimpanzee whose pleasant occupation it was by day to promenade Fifth Avenue in an automobile. At night the chimpanzee entertained the public by performing at a local theater. The climax of the act was a brief colloquy between the animal and its trainer. "What's the matter with you?" asked the trainer in a language formerly studied among us. "Hunger," replied the animal. "What do you want?" "Cake." And the curtain fell amid riotous applause. If we were to analyze the applause, we should find that it was provoked not by scientific enthusiasm, but by a curious and instinctive love of the grotesque. As a chimpanzee that animal was a total failure. As an ironic commentary upon the audience, as an extravagant impersonation of what a man would be were he a chimpanzee, the animal scored a decided success. The same appeal sends a more sophisticated audience to the plays of George Bernard Shaw; in an equally impossible world the pediatric Mr. Chaplin shuffles through a whirlwind of custard pies.

The rebuilding of the world according to one of the innumerable plans which happened to be rejected by the force which created it has always been a diversion. On the one hand, it has led to poetry and the arts; on the other, to the trained chimpanzee and the movies. The movies are merely a means whereby a single production can be made to earn money in any number of places at the same time through the agency of the camera and the projection machine. As such they are no doubt a profitable business venture. They satisfy a desire for inexpensive entertainment and provide one of a vast number of methods whereby leisure time may be made to disappear into the past. To expect from them the effect which is properly the function of art is as idle as to expect spiritual dilation from a game of golf. If the movies were an art, we should be moved by them in much the same way as we have been moved by the art of pantomime. But, while Pilar Morin achieved the effect of beauty in "L'Enfant Prodigue," no series of photographs of her performance, even though flashed on the screen at high speed, can reproduce in us the mood of beauty which her exquisite art called forth.

Why, then, quarrel with the movies? They are not, and can never be, an art. As a means of escaping from leisure they may well be no better and no worse than bridge or billiards or vaudeville. To lament that they have not brought us a vivid new art is as illogical as to lament that Mr. Harold Bell Wright has not carried the art of the novel beyond the standards set, let us say, by Mr. Conrad. We admit that Mr. Harold Bell Wright misrepresents life in much the same way as do the movies. But to apply to either the criteria of criticism properly applicable to art is as profitable and diverting an occupation as to kill fleas with a machine gun.

LLOYD R. MORRIS.

DISARMAMENT: SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

(See editorial comment on another page)

IN the London "Fortnightly Review" Mr. Archibald Hurd, one of our British naval spellbinders, recently created a sensation by comparing the naval programmes of the United States and Great Britain, just as before the war the programmes of Great Britain and Germany used to be compared. His figures of the relative naval position of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan in 1924, based on the assumption that the sixteen capital ships provided for in the various proposals of Secretary Daniels will be completed, are as follows:

Capital Ships.	Britain.	U. S. A.	Japan.
First Class	18	27	14
Second Class	18	8	3
Total	36	35	17
Tonnage	883,290	1,150,650	497,950

If capital ships are still the test, it follows undoubtedly that in 1924 the United States will have, if the present programme is carried out, one-third superiority over Great Britain and at least double the strength of Japan. The American ships would be later, larger, speedier, than any others and would be protected by deck armor. Their guns would be heavier on the average by at least one inch caliber than those of rival ships. Each of these monsters, if completed, will have cost forty million dollars.

It should be remembered that the recent expansion of the American Navy occurred when both the United States and Great Britain were fighting Germany. In the future the objective of the American Navy will not be on the west coast of Europe, but the east coast of Asia. As to the Anglo-Japanese alliance now ripe either for renewal or a more probable cancellation, it has been made perfectly plain both to Japan and to the United States that the alliance, entered into when the Kaiser was on his throne and the Russian Czar in full authority, does not bring the British Empire into any war waged by Japan against the United States. In any such conflict the United States would have the British Empire either as a friendly neutral or as a co-belligerent. If any other policy were pursued by Great Britain, it would inevitably estrange such self-governing dominions of the Crown as Canada and Australia.

Canada has already indicated a kind of naval sympathy with the United States. The British Admiralty has recently presented the Canadian authorities a handsome gift of cruisers and destroyers. The Canadian Government has just decided to send this squadron to the Pacific coast by way of the Panama Canal. This movement shows that the understanding with the United States, whether avowed or not, is in good working order. There are those who believe that in the event of a naval war on the Pacific the Canadian, and possibly the Australian, navies would prefer to operate under a unified American command than under a British fleet stationed, let us say, at Singapore.

As to British needs, this may be said. Senator McKellar states that Great Britain in her last fiscal year spent $765,000,000 on her navy, while the United States for her present fiscal year is spending only $435,000,000. These figures are unintentionally misleading. The current expenditure on the British navy for a year has been reduced to £84,000,000. At the normal rate of exchange, this is in round numbers $420,000,000. The real value at the prevailing rate of exchange is about $300,000,000. Little importance, however, attaches to money comparisons of this kind, since the United States pays high wages compared with Great Britain and very high high wages compared with Japan. Also there is the question whether pensions and all aircraft are included. All I can say is that the British figures are inclusive of all save air service as a separate department. On this we are spending $100,000,000, normal reckoning, or $70,000,000 at the present rate of exchange.

The need of Great Britain for naval expenditure is quite different from that of the United States. With great respect to the high authority of General Tasker Bliss, I find it not easy to be convinced by his argument that navies are no use for aggression and conquest unless they have armies behind them. That may apply to a large and self-contained territory like the United States, but in Britain no army and no invasion are needed to bring the country to surrender. The enemy has merely to control the sea surrounding the island, and the people are starved out, as they nearly were in the late war, without one German soldier landing except as a captured prisoner.

My contention is that with Great Britain the United States has no naval competition and with Japan there should be none. In conclusion, I need not point out to Americans that in the event of one Power building in evident excess of its needs there is apt to arise among other Powers a suspicion of motives which, in the case of the United States, is happily without foundation in fact.

P. W. WILSON.

American Office
of the London "Daily News."

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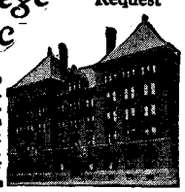

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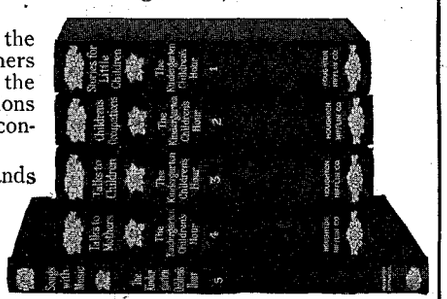

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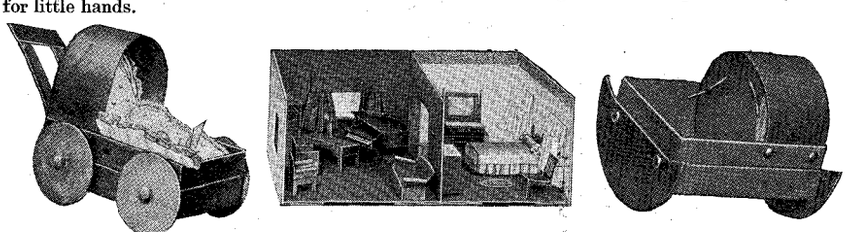

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

How Europe Teaches Americanism

THE term Americanism is one of the most difficult terms in our language to define. If you don't believe this statement, try it. What have you left out?

There is sufficient evidence that many of our immigrants dislike America. What are some of the actual reasons you know why they dislike the United States? Is their dislike based more upon fact than upon illusion?

If you were asked to address a group of foreigners who are so dissatisfied with America as to talk against it, what points would you emphasize in your speech?

What, in your opinion, are five of the best and most precious principles in American democracy? Can you show how the principles which you select came to be among those which we prize?

Can you think of an effective plan of getting immigrants to understand and appreciate America?

Among the most valuable books for the study and teaching of Americanism are the following: "Bryce on American Democracy," edited by M. G. Fulton (Macmillan); "American Democracy," by S. E. Forman (Century); "American Democracy from Washington to Wilson," edited by J. H. Finley and James Sullivan (Macmillan).

Foreign Relations

Why is the question of foreign relations always a difficult one?

Why is it that so many people pay so little attention to so great a problem as that of the relation of their country to other countries? Has the writer of the editorial in this issue on foreign relations exhausted the reasons?

Why should every adult American citizen take great interest in our foreign relations?

What reasons can you suggest how better foreign relations could be effected?

Disarmament

In discussing the question of disarmament on another page, The Outlook makes the statement that "disarmament is a bad name for a good policy." What is your explanation of this statement?

Do you agree with Senator Borah that we should take immediate action on the question of armament, or with ex-Senator Root, who advises us to wait until President-elect Harding is inaugurated?

Is the safety of the nation that has the largest navy in the world guaranteed? If one of the leading nations should decide to be supreme in navy equipment, do you think other nations would combine to keep that nation from being supreme?

Should some nations be more heavily armed than others? What are your reasons? Can you illustrate your answer?

If you believe in the limitation of armaments, can you suggest a practical way of bringing about such a policy?

Should economic, moral, or religious reasons count most in considering the question of disarmament?

Do you believe in disarmament or in the limitation of armament? What reasons have you to back up your belief?

Free Thought

Is it the moral duty of every periodical to refuse to advertise until the reliability and responsibility of the concerns seeking publicity are established? If you were an editor or an owner of a publication, would you take the position as to advertising which The Outlook does, though it would cost you considerable to do so?

Is The Outlook right in believing that "the best defense of the truth is an absolutely free field for discussion between truth and error"? Can you illustrate your answer?

Should a few wise men decide what the common people may read? Do you know of any countries where this has been the policy? If so, what were the results?

Leaving the Soviets Alone

What are the soviets? What are some of their political beliefs?

Do you think our Government did right in deciding that Mr. Martens should leave the United States? What harm would be involved in his staying here? Will his leaving the United States do any good?

What, with reasons, is your opinion of the policy which Mr. Wilson has maintained toward Russia?

What seems to be the end President Wilson seeks in his latest proposal about Soviet Russia? Does it seem to you that peace and order would be restored in Central Russia and the surrounding smaller nations if the nations to whom the President addressed his suggestion should adopt it?

Do you think President Wilson would have done better had he suggested that Russia demobilize her large army in return for assurances of protection from the Western Powers?

Does it seem impossible that the United States can escape taking active part in European affairs? Does the condition in and about Russia argue that the United States should now be a member of the League of Nations?

Two books of value on this subject are "Sovietism," by W. E. Walling (Dutton), and "Americanism versus Bolshevism," by Ole Hanson (Doubleday, Page).

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

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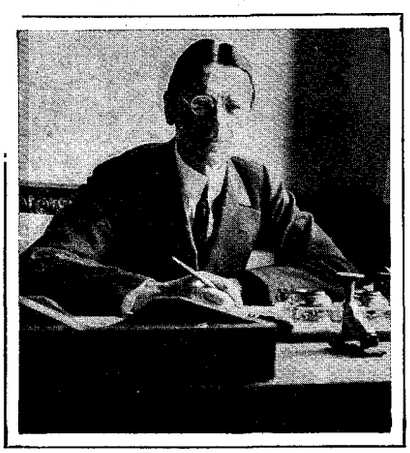
CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

ROBERT HILLYER was graduated from Harvard in 1917. His first book, "Sonnets and Other Lyrics," was published the same year. His later books are "The Five Books of Youth" and "Alchemy." He was a first lieutenant in the A. E. F. His home is in East Orange, New Jersey, but he is now in Den-ark, having been appointed to the candinavian-American Fellowship by arvard.

MEADE MINNIGERODE, who begins in this issue a series of sea tales, has itten numerous stories. His first novel, Laughing House," was recently pub-shed by Putnams.

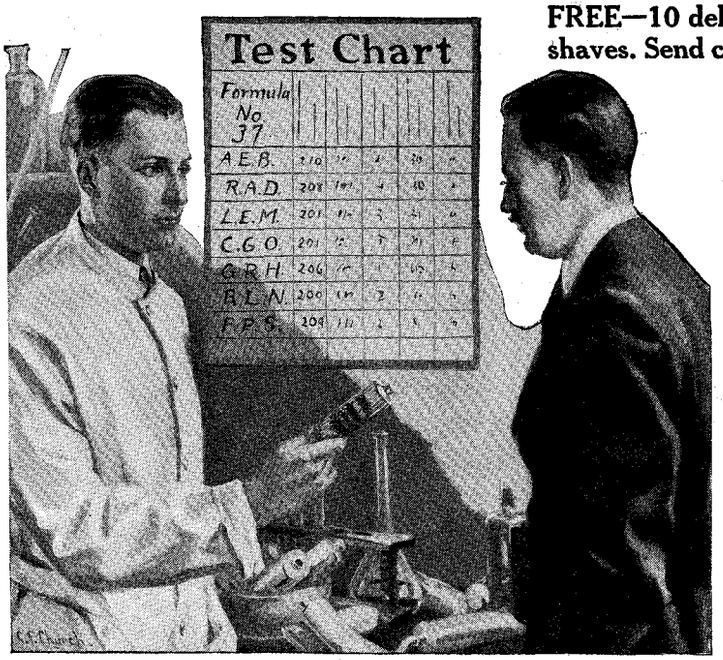
ADISLAS D'ORCY is a native of Fiume and lives in New York. He has, e are told by a friend of his, the tle of Baron. He was formerly manag-ig editor of "Aviation" and editor of ie "Aircraft Journal." He is the author f the "Airship Manual," and is an au-iority on craft lighter than air.

NATALIE DE BOGORY is a Russian. Her father, Vladimir de Bogory-Mokrie-itch, was one of the first group of Rus-ian revolutionists. Miss de Bogory ame to America ten years ago and car-ied on extensive investigations among mmigrants. She has had charge of the oreign information section of the United tates Employment service.



BARON KORFF

BARON SERGEI ALEXANDROVITCH KORFF has held the chair of International aw at a Russian university. Under the ate Czar he occupied a responsible official osition in Finland, and under the Pro-visional Government was Vice-Governor n that country. During the Paris Peace Conference he, together with Prince Lvov, Milyukov, and others, was ctive in the defense of the law-and-order Russians, as opposed to the an-archic Bolsheviki, then and now in con-rol. Baron Korff married an American ady, the daughter of Admiral van Rey-en, and, with his wife and children, esides in America.



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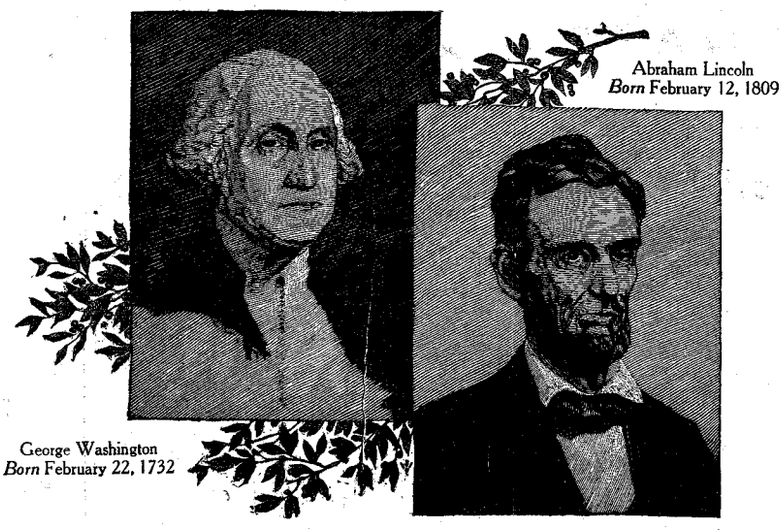

Abraham Lincoln
Born February 12, 1809

George Washington
Born February 22, 1732

They had Faith

THESE two Immortals had faith in America during the darkest days of her history.

The echo of their faith in our country and its institutions strikes a responsive chord today.

The National City Company through its affiliation with The National City Bank of New York derives its traditions and its faith from generations that built with Washington and fought with Lincoln.

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National City Bank Building, New York

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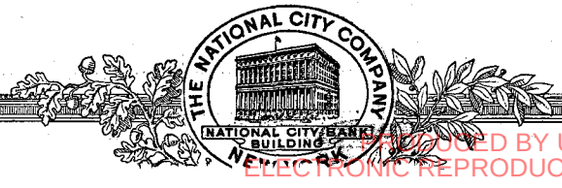

LO, THE POOR INDIAN

RESENTMENT is finding expression because of the discovery that the Federal Power Act permits hydraulic developments in our National Parks. Only about one in a thousand of us visits these parks in the course of a year or longer, and the fortunate one goes only for pleasure or recreation. For all that the resentment is justifiable, for surely these parks should be kept inviolate, though only the favored few enjoy them. The unfortunate of to-day may be the fortunate of to-morrow. These are our parks. But in giving expression to that resentment only we should not feel ourselves to be a particularly righteous people. Who has heard any outcry against our seizing of Indian reservations for hydraulic developments? Yet the same Congress of ours which enacted the Federal Power Law inserted a provision that Indian reservations might be so invaded. When it was proposed by Senator Nugent that a tribe should have a veto in the matter, the amendment was handsomely adopted in the Senate. Later in conference on final passage that amendment was handsomely stricken out. Now, these reservations are quite as much the lands of these tribes as the parks are ours, but there is an important difference to be noted. These reservations are not mere pleasure-grounds for wandering Indians, but home-lands where Indians must live, work, and die. With justifiable selfishness, we would preserve our pleasure parks for our children to come. All who feel that way should feel bound to insist that Congress, when amending the Power Act for better protection of our parks, as Secretary Payne has advised, should amend it also to extend decent respect for these sacred home-lands of defenseless Indian tribes. GEORGE P. DECKER.

Rochester, January 14, 1921.

A GIFTED MUSICIAN UNNOTICED

THE OUTLOOK has been so appreciative of the talent of the blind musician Edwin Grasse that I thought you might like to see this copy of a letter I have received from him, discussing the psychology of American audiences. I fear that his comment is only too true. Perhaps you would be willing to print this letter. Here is the case of a serious artist who might be a second MacDowell, or perhaps even a Mendelssohn, if given his chance, practically unrecognized in his native city just because he is blind and poor. No one disputes his genius. Kreisler, Heifetz, Maude Powell, have played his compositions. He is a fine violinist, a wonderful concert organist, a composer of great talent. But he cannot afford to pay managers' salaries or to advertise—and he is blind. So he lives unnoticed in the great art center of New York. E. L. TURNBULL.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Edwin Turnbull: My mother received your last letter inclosing your

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letter to Mrs. Stevans, of Portland. You must not be afraid to write to me direct regarding the matter of using glasses, etc. I am not at all a sensitive man and I understand my position perfectly. The taste for everything affecting the eye is nowhere so refined as in England and America. In Germany and Belgium my art was very much appreciated even by non-musicians, because in both countries mentioned there is so much natural love for music that my blindness was quickly forgotten there; the taste for the exterior part of art is not so refined there, as I said before. In Germany, France, or Belgium the question is, How does he play or sing? In England and America it is, How does he look while playing or singing? Managers of England told my father openly, "Don't bring your son to England; the British public wishes to be entertained, but not moved. The English public does not wish to see a blind man on the stage." My father had me play in London, and I had great artistic success, but no practical success, as in this country. The critics appreciated me as well as they do in America, but I could get no engagements.

It is so easy for me to understand, as the Anglo-Saxon is always thinking of looks, action, deportment, first. Music in England, as in America, is a matter of culture pure and simple. In Germany, for instance, an organist never gives a recital without having somebody next to him to draw the stops. The musical effect is considered first. In Brussels it is the same. But in England and America it would seem ridiculous to an audience if the organist would not do all the registrating himself, which means that it is better to hold on to a chord if necessary while changing the stops, even if it spoils the musical effect, than not to be able to say, "I do it all alone." I was told frequently that in order to please the Portland, Maine, public, it is necessary to handle the stops as much as possible, even if no change is made; one must be working around the tablets all the time, so that the audience can say, "Why! How easily he handles the stops on that great organ!" I thought that this was an exaggeration when I was told this; but I understood a year ago that it was the truth when a friend of mine, not a musician, but a highly educated lady who is moderately fond of music, happened to be in Portland and heard McFarlane's afternoon re-recital. McFarlane is a great organist and a splendid musician, yet this lady forgot everything, as she could only think of "how gracefully McFarlane handles the stops! How quickly!" etc.

To give another instance of the same thing in England. I lived in London in a boarding-house at which only very refined, well-read, and educated people were staying. Patti gave one of her many "Farewell recitals" at Queen's Hall. Ysaye played, there was the Queen's Hall Orchestra also. I was unable to attend. The next morning all spoke of Patti's gown, how well she looked, etc. Only when I began to ques-

20% Saved on Manufacturing Cost—*in Seattle*

By C. T. CONOVER

Shortly after America entered the war the writer met the general manager of a Seattle manufacturing concern in a Washington hotel. This man had just concluded a contract with the Government for apparatus up in the millions.

"*How can you do it and compete with the East?*" he was asked. "*We can not only compete but we can ship our raw material west and our product east in carload lots by express and compete,*" was the answer. "*We have at least a 20 per cent. margin and it's all due to climate. This is no guesswork. We have demonstrated it absolutely.*"

The writer has lived in Seattle for 36 years. He knew it was the healthiest city in the world and that no climate permitted work and play indoors or out the year around as does that of Puget Sound. But he had never heard it figured in dollars and cents before. Later he saw built in Seattle more than 20 per cent. of all the ships that bridged the Atlantic and so tremendously helped to win the war and he knows that that was due to the climate and to the Seattle Spirit.

Twenty per cent. saved is something worthy of any manufacturer's consideration, but it is only one item in Seattle's unparalleled appeal for new industries.

Seattle has tributary to it one-sixth of all the water power in the nation. She is the center of practically the only coal in the Pacific States—an unfailing supply for all purposes. Her back country has no equal in basic resources—timber, agriculture, horticulture, dairying, fisheries, lime and minerals.

Seattle is the market place for Alaska, our frontier wonderland, which in the lifetime of people now living, will under reasonable laws be supporting a population of 10,000,000 prosperous people.

By the immutable law of distance she is the dominating American port in the trade with Siberia, the world's greatest undeveloped treasure-land, and the teeming millions of China, Japan and the South Seas —she is in consequence the chief American port in the importation of crude rubber, raw silk, vegetable oils, tea, hemp, Siberian hides and all Oriental products.

Seattle is the chief Pacific port in the volume of water-borne commerce and the leading railway center on the coast. Her harbor of 194 miles of frontage is unequalled on the Western hemisphere and includes a great inner fresh water harbor. The world is her market.

Seattle has an abundant supply of labor of the best sort and stands for the American plan, the open shop, and for a constructive give-and-take labor policy. No American city has a better labor condition.

Little or big, we want you if there is an opening for your particular line. Your problem will have the most painstaking consideration. You will receive an absolutely frank opinion. In any event, if you are a red-blooded American you will want to read Seattle's story. Send for the booklet "Seattle, the Seaport of Success."

"*If you have never been west of the Cascades, you lack important qualifications for imagining what the climate of heaven may be like.*"
—DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON

Manufacture in Seattle "the Seaport of Success"

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Publicity Bureau, 908 Arctic Bldg. Seattle, Washington

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New Fabrics *for the* Spring and Summer Wardrobe

ONLY when you choose your own dress fabrics are you sure of securing individuality of dress.

You will find that McCutcheon's latest importations of French, Swiss, and English dress fabrics—a number of which are exclusive with "The Linen Store"—suggest a delightful variety of smart new styles for spring and summer frocks. Uniquely interesting patterns and new unusual textures make their particular appeal for the costume of distinction.

ENGLISH PRINTS offer dots, scrolls, figures and the quaintest of color designs in as many as fifty various patterns that are delightfully smart.

ENGLISH SATEEN—Plain shades as well as figured color designs, make this soft, rich fabric particularly suitable for street or afternoon wear.

TROPICAL PRINTS in batiste weight are enjoying much popularity as a dainty and practical fabric for the warmer days.

FRENCH SATEEN comes in small geometrical and novelty printings and chic color-effects that are distinctly of French origin.

IMPORTED ORGANDIES—Crisp Swiss and French Organdies in a host of plain shades and in the stamped and floral printings now so popular in Paris.

GINGHAMS continue to be the smart fabric for Spring wear. McCutcheon's Ginghams, in checks, plaids, stripes, and plain colors, have established a reputation for quality and beauty.

VOILES—This summery material, in many new printed, woven and embroidered color-effects, makes its special appeal for the dainty frock.

HANDKERCHIEF LINEN—A complete range of the newest plain shades of "McCutcheon Quality" Pure Linen.

DRESS LINENS—Linens always lend enviable elegance to the simplest made frock. "Non-Krush," French Linen, and Linen Crash, in White, Cream, and all the prevailing Spring shades, can be had at McCutcheon's.

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James McCutcheon & Co.

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A GIFTED MUSICIAN UNNOTICED

(Continued)

tion the people did I at last find out that of course her voice was going fast and that her Mozart aria had to be transposed. Ysaye and all the others were seemingly forgotten.

I know that the fact of my being blind has made it practically impossible to get any opportunities for me in my native land. German churches and German societies were, with very few exceptions, the only ones who were willing to pay me for my playing since my return to America in 1903. The people of the New York Philharmonic Society told my father that for purely æsthetic reasons I could not be engaged to play at a Philharmonic concert. I never had the means to return to the European Continent before the war; and now that Germany, where I had success of a kind never again reached here, is prostrated, I know that America will be the only country in which I can earn money in the next ten or twelve years.

If the use of dark glasses will really make my appearance more pleasing to an American audience, I shall be glad to use them, as I understand the English and American feeling; it is less the actual feeling that I move the audience to tears than the fear of the people that they may be moved which keeps the Anglo-American societies from engaging me. Those who know me say I look old and very badly with glasses, but when you manage to get engagements for me, I shall gladly use them.

As composer I know that I will succeed here as well as I would anywhere else.

I will write more another time.

With warmest greetings to all the dear Turnbulls from us all, and thanking you for all that you are doing for me,

Ever your faithful old friend,

EDWIN GRASSE.

161 East 176th Street, New York City,
November 28, 1920.

EASY CHAIRS AND ATHLETES

THE conversation on "Athletics" in The Outlook of December 1 between Mr. Fuessle and Mr. Pulsifer is most interesting. I, too, "though a mere woman," have been made tired by hearing so much "loud and continuous demand for hard exercise." The "easy chair" talk appeals to me and I agree with Mr. Fuessle that this country needs relaxation and rest. The world does, for that matter.

Perhaps, though, it is more mental relaxation, poise, that is needed, than physical. For instance, Mr. Fuessle is apparently in a very upset state of mind over this question. He and others like him certainly do need rest in an easy chair, or hammock, or on their backs under the "spreading chestnut tree" with their beloved Thomas Hardy or any other shelf-friend they invite to

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go along. The thought is very enticing to me personally; but is it to every one?

We have a mental picture of the "easy chair" man. He is universally fat and wheezy, very soft and comfortable. He doesn't like even to look at the furnace or lawn-mower. He will not bring in water or wood or run to the store. "Oh, Man!" We see him and Thomas Hardy in the chair, and as we look, Thomas descends by jerks and starts till he rests in the lap of the man; the man's eyes are shut, mouth open, head fallen back, and we hear—pardon us—we draw a brush across the picture.

We like the Pulsifer picture better. When were we ever so thrilled as we have been by the sight of the splendid specimens of manhood, old and young, we have seen in uniform in the last few years? Did we simply like the uniform? That is base libel. It is rather the splendid set of the shoulders, the firm step, the poise of the head, the physically fit man inside the uniform, that we admire. From Mr. Pulsifer's paper we gather that men admire those things as much as do women, and we like the way he glories in the possession of such a body. If men keep such bodies, if ever we hear again the call, "Come over and help us," the bodies that go to the camps will not be so "quarrelsome and reluctant" and the agony of being "too tired to even dream" will not be so great. Let's influence our men to keep them.

What I really wanted to say is that we can't generalize on any subject. "Is marriage a failure?" for instance. If yours is a happy one, you say no. If mine is unhappy, I say yes. Who can answer the question? Do we "live" and not "let live" too much? Let those who are tired and love to read, rest and read; but let their neighbors exercise all they want to. Why "knock" athletics because our nerves are out of joint? Personally, I shall be glad when Everett True goes into retirement or when Mrs. True succeeds in knocking him out altogether.

There is a happy medium, as struck by Mr. Roosevelt. He omitted neither the quiet hour with his books, both reading and writing, nor vigorous exercise.

LOUISE S. HALSEY.

99 College Street,
Battle Creek, Michigan.

I am Intimately Acquainted with

and greatly admire

a Young Writer

28 years of age, who has only recently been employed as literary editor on a prominent New York journal, and whose name is well known among literary people and publishers as a reviewer of books and as a writer. He has been connected in this capacity with three of the most prominent New York papers and previously with a New England publication noted for its literary department. He has also been a frequent contributor to monthly and weekly magazines. He has been obliged to sever his connection with the paper with which he has been recently connected, and I am endeavoring to secure for him a new position. He is competent to take entire charge of a literary supplement and to write critical articles. I can furnish the best of references for him aside from my own personal acquaintance, and I may add that he has also been a dramatic editor. While preferring strictly literary work, his experience would enable him to take charge of the publicity department of a magazine. I believe he is also well and favorably known to the editors of The Outlook. Please address inquiries to

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If so, we suggest an advertisement in the Annual Real Estate issues of The Outlook. These issues will be dated February 16, March 16, and April 20, and will contain special real estate sections.

The Outlook has for many years helped its readers to dispose of property through small advertisements in these special numbers. The cost of space is only 60 cents a line.

If you will give us a description of your property we will be glad to prepare a suggested advertisement for your approval. Write us immediately in order to catch the February 16 issue. Address

Real Estate Department

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

BY THE WAY

A REPORT that the Bunker Hill Monument will need repairs to insure its stability lends emphasis to the statement of a recent traveler that another famous tower, the Kutub Minar of Delhi, India, shows little sign of decay though it was erected more than seven centuries ago. This Minar has been characterized as "a tower of victory more splendid than the victory itself," and some years ago a New England tourist in comparing it with the Bunker Hill Monument said that the latter looked like "common stonemason's job work" beside the Indian tower. The Kutub Minar rises 238 feet in a series of five stories, each composed of ornamental pillars covered with inscriptions from the Koran.

The allusion above to the beauty of the architecture of India prompts a quotation from an Oriental historian of the era of the Kutub Minar. He is describing the city of Muttra. "This marvelous city," he says, "encloses more than a thousand structures, the greater number in marble. It must be said that such a city could not be built even in two centuries. . . . In one temple were fifty-six pillars covered with plates of gold incrusted with precious stones Four thousand camels were loaded with the booty from nearly a thousand temples." Muttra's glory of course has long since departed, wrecked by the religious animosities that made India a battleground for centuries.

A trade periodical publishes a contrast between the United States after the Civil War and after the World War Some of the paragraphs are as follows:

AFTER THE CIVIL WAR	AFTER THE WORLD WAR
U. S. a debtor nation.	U. S. a creditor nation
U. S. borrowed from Europe.	Europe owes U. S. 10 billions.
Dollar at a discount.	Dollar at a premium.
U. S. credit exhausted.	Europe's credit exhausted.
War left U. S. devastated.	No part of U. S. destroyed.
Decline of merchant marine.	Large marine development.
Took 15 years for prices to decline.	Wholesale prices falling.
Booze cost people millions.	Prohibition saves millions.
Limited suffrage.	Woman suffrage.

An experiment in running down wild animals with an automobile in the Uintah Desert of Utah resulted, according to "Popular Mechanics," in the following rates of speed: Wolf, 38 miles an hour; coyote, 45 miles; mule deer, 47 miles; elk, 52 miles; antelope, 62 miles. These speeds were maintained for only a comparatively short distance—in the case of the antelope, for two and a half miles. Some of these animals apparently ran faster than birds fly, for the same article states that an airplane following an eagle ascertained that the king of birds flew ten miles at the rate of 46 miles an hour, and a wild duck scudded with the wind 50 miles an hour.

What is the origin of the name "Sinn Fein"? A recent book, "The Evolution

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of Sinn Fein," tells this story about it. Some people, it says, being convinced that "the freeman's friend is Self-Reliance," asked a well-known Irish scholar for a Gaelic phrase to express the idea. He told them a story of a country servant in Munster sent with a horse to a fair. The horse was sold and the servant after some days came back happy but much the worse for wear, and sprawled out on the kitchen floor. To the inquiries of some neighbors who came in, as to just where he had been and what had brought him to that state, he answered, "Sinn fein sinn fein." (Family matters are matters for the family.) Sinn Fein is commonly translated, however, "For ourselves alone."

A young man who had been in the city only three days, but who had been paying attention to a pretty girl, wanted to propose, so a Western paper reports, but was afraid he might be thought too hasty. He delicately approached the subject as follows: "If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having made your acquaintance only three days ago, what would you say to it?" "Well," came the ready retort, "I should say never put off till to-morrow that which you should have done the day before yesterday."

"Not for twoscore years have I held in my hands any of the Orpheus C. Kerr papers," says Mr. Brander Matthews in commenting on American humorists, "but I can recall one of his unpretentious jocularities, to the effect that the population of the United States was made up of Caucasians, Cork-asians, and Burnt Cork-asians." Other readers will remember that Orpheus C. Kerr (a supposedly humorous rendition of "office seeker") was the pen name of Robert H. Newell and that he wrote some amusing parodies of well-known American poets which are included in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song."

One of the parodies mentioned above satirized the style of Bryant himself. Here is a stanza, the poem being a supposed contribution to an anthology of National Odes:

The sun sinks softly to his evening post,
The sun swells grandly to his evening crown;
Yet not a star our flag of heaven has lost,
And not a sunset stripe with him goes down.

Newell, on behalf of a committee, rejects this ode because of "a suspicion that the poet has crowded an advertisement of a paper which he edits into the first line."

According to the "Sphere," of London, an Englishwoman has left a legacy of two thousand pounds to her pet poodle, "to provide the creature with an annual Christmas tree, a daily bath, and a liberal supply of sauerkraut." The last item suggests a Teutonic derivation of the dog and possibly of its owner, and may account for the indifference to human suffering in the streets of London to-day shown by such a bequest to an animal.

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